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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

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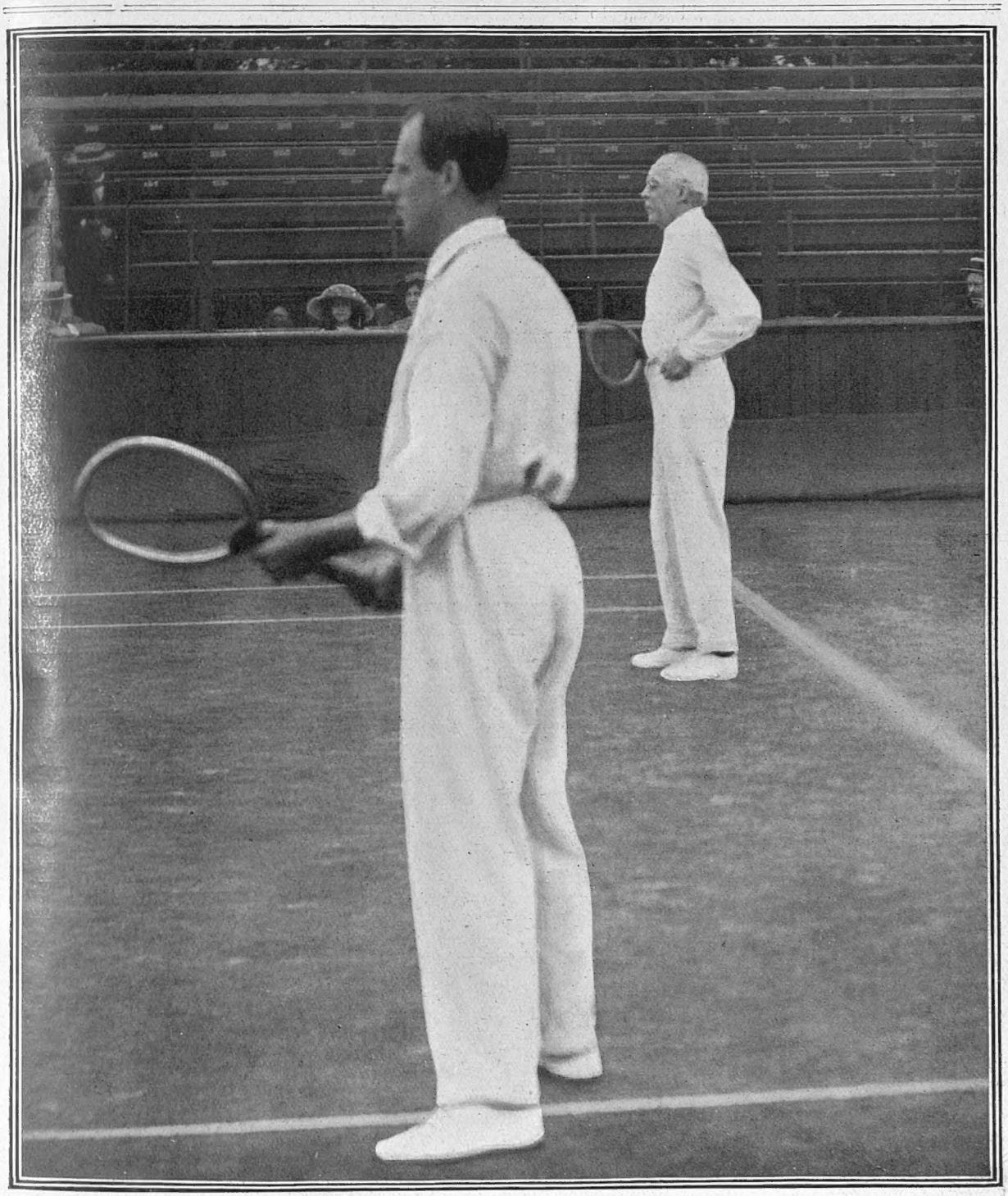


WELL-PARTNERED INDEED!

The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour and Mr. Anthony F. Wilding (Champion of the World) as partners in a friendly match with Messrs. G. A. Caridia and E. R. Clarke on the Centre Court at Wimbledon. The encounter was quite an impromptu one, and Mr. Balfour played in borrowed flannels. Although a comparative novice at the game, he already shows some proficiency at the "cut" stroke. He proved a worthy partner to the champion—and was beaten honourably by three sets to one

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—Pistol (*modified*)

North—and South

"WE'VE seen better days, but thank goodness we remain respectable." Such would seem to be the boast of the British Mediterranean Fleet as the future is to know it. If on the one hand there is to be no more vain pretence to outvie in splendour all the rest of the Powers together, on the other there is to be no sleeping out on the Embankment of Empire. We become—so far as the Mediterranean is concerned—a plain middle-class Power, a trifle better than Spain, Greece, and Turkey, but on the same level as France, Italy, and Austria. Elsewhere, of course, in the North Sea, we remain, at all events at the moment of going to press, supreme. We are Queen Britannia in northerly latitudes, but eastward of Gibraltar we are (as Mr. E. T. Reed's cartoon happily suggests) plain Mrs. Bull.

***

The Future of Joy Day

WE were not among those who derided Joy Day. Now that it is over, we suggest that Mr. George and those who helped him to think of the idea are entitled to felicitation on their initiative. The chief argument against Joy Day—that nobody was feeling joyous—might be urged against any other public festival. Would it be suggested that we should not have started, say, Empire Day because nobody was feeling particularly Imperial at the time? Surely not. Feelings are expected to follow the flag. We are given the day, and are to arrange our emotional systems to fit in with the plans of the promoters. Look at the result. Now, quite a number of people feel Imperial on Empire Day (certainly Lord Meath does). Joy Day was not expected to be a success at the first attempt, but it *is* expected to grow. Next year, when July 13 comes round, Liberals and others who are still pleased with the Insurance Act and its maker, will, no doubt, start the festival in earnest, and in the years to come, when the Welsh breeze has swept the rare and refreshing fruit through the parched and misty window-panes (I hope I have it right), who knows—the whole nation may become at least as joyous on July 13 as it is Imperial on Empire Day!

***

Next Year?

IT may, of course, so happen that before another year is out Mr. George may want us all to be joyous about something quite fresh that has blown in from Wales—land taxes, or something of that sort, and July 13 may be out of it altogether. It should be enough, therefore, for us just to insert a general undertaking that The Bystander holds itself in readiness to be just as joyous on any other date, provided proper notice is given, and will go to any length save the issuing of a special Joy number.

***

The Real Instigator

MR. MANN, having come out of prison, foreshadows another national strike. If strike there is to be, however, it is more likely to be the work of the other and much more inflammatory ex-prisoner—I mean King Sol, who came out last year and caused the Railway Strike.

***

Bravo, Lord Devonport

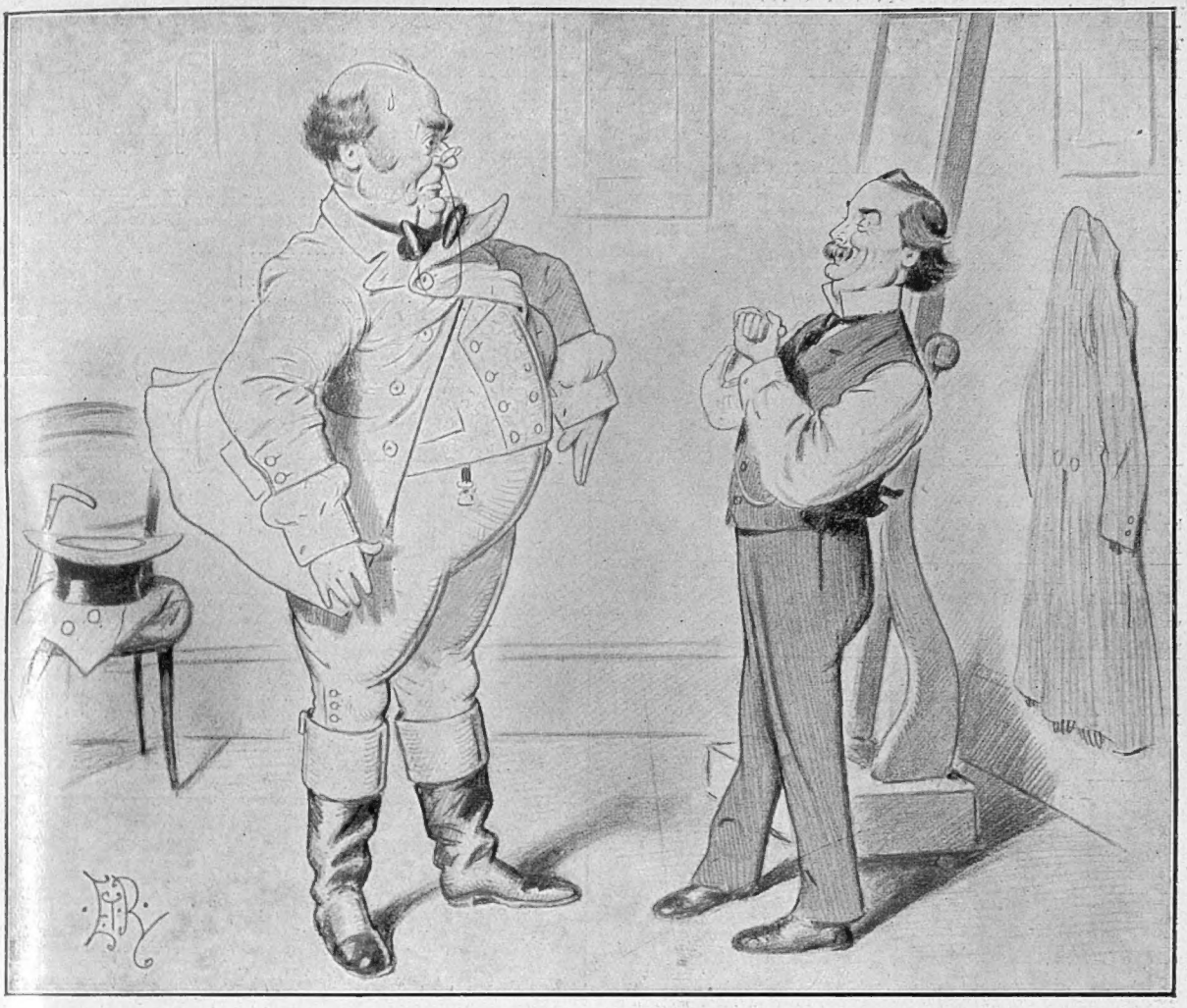
WE are not disposed to join some of our Conservative contemporaries in their attacks on Lord Devonport. That gentleman's attitude towards the strikers seems to us to be the only one which is likely to lead to a permanent settlement of the trouble. If individuals feel sympathetic towards the sufferers, by all means let them do what they personally can to mitigate distress. But, as a whole, the public should stand firm, as have the Government and the Port Authority. Only by a united stand

IN THE NORTH SEA IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

In future, the Mistress of the Waves has decided to remain Queen in home waters only. In the Mediterranean and elsewhere, she is content to be plain Mrs. Bull

(By E. T. Reed)

The "Approved Society" Tailor: By E. T. Reed



Lloyd George: "Per-fect! Mr. Bull, Per-fect! You will soon get used to a certain slight sensation of (ahem!) constraint"
The Victim: "Constraint, indeed! Nice sort of comfort this will be in one's home! More like a 'strait-jacket' than anything"

can we hope to defeat these cynical conspiracies against Society.

***

Athletic Decadence

IN another place "Downwriter" delivers himself of some strong views on the subject of our alleged athletic decline. I have little reason to suppose that the general public care one jot about our defeats at Stockholm. The Olympic Games have never even interested, far less obsessed us. Remember the empty Stadium in 1908. We have an athletic idea of our own, and it is not one which we are in the least likely to adapt to Olympic requirements, whatever these may be. By all means let our American cousins advertise their efficiency as sporting specialists. We prefer to remain sportsmen in the general rather than the particular sense of the word, and it is possible to do that without winning, or even entering for, championships anywhere. The *Daily Mail*, if it expects any success for an athletic decadence scare, is, in my opinion, once again putting its money on the wrong horse.

***

Still London Waits

THE arrival of a heat-wave once again draws attention to our unspeakable national stupidity in the provision of suitable places of refreshment and entertainment in the capital. Another summer comes and London still finds itself practically without a single out-of-door restaurant, café, or café chantant. Despite the scores of suitable sites for such amenities of civilisation, the City man is still driven into underground infernos for what ought to be enjoyed under shady trees in the parks, squares, gardens, or on the Embankment. Those who have tried to run open-air places of refreshment complain of poor patronage. Quite probably so. The public needs educating into any change of habit, and any enterprise must, in the first instance, be undertaken by public-spirited people regardless of immediate profit. The Press remains silent on the matter, yet Fleet Street, of all places, knows to the full the fatuity of the present lack of system.

***

THE marriage arranged between Mr. Harold C. P. Wood, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wood, of 29, Kensington Court, W., and Miss Marjorie Louise Sherburn, youngest daughter of Sir John and Lady Sherburn, of Brantingham Thorpe, East Yorks, will take place on Thursday, July 25, at All Saints' Church, Brantingham.

With this week's issue is presented a coloured Supplement, entitled, "All Contributions Thankfully Received"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!" REVUE. LYDIA KYASHT, in "THE WATER NYMPH," THREE RUBES, MAX FRANKLIN TROUPE, and Varieties. EVENINGS, at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

DALY'S THEATRE. Every Evening, at 8.15. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production, "GIPSY LOVE," a MUSICAL PLAY in 3 Acts. English Libretto by Basil Hood. Lyrics by Adrian Ross. Music by FRANZ LEHAR. Mat., Sats., at 2. Tel. 201 Ger.

GARRICK. "FIND THE WOMAN." A Play in Four Acts by CHARLES KLEIN. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AND VIOLET VANBRUGH. EVENINGS, at 8.20. MATINÉE, WEDNESDAYS, at 2.30.

GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, MR. GEORGE EDWARDES. Every Evening, at 8. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' new production, a Musical Play in Two Acts, entitled "THE SUNSHINE GIRL." Box Office open 10 to 10.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE. Every Evening, at 8.40. GERALD du MAURIER and Company in a New Comedy "JELF'S." By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. MATINÉES, Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.40.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE. Every Evening, at 9. MISS MARIE TEMPEST produces "AT THE BARN," by ANTHONY P. WHARTON. At 8.20, "LITTLE RED SHOES," by HAROLD BRIGHOUSE. MATINÉES, Weds. and Sats. (both plays), at 2.20.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. THE IRISH PLAYERS, ADELINE GENÉE & CO., English version of OSCAR STRAUS Operetta, "THE DANCING VIENNESE," with CONSTANCE DREVER & Co. 6*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* 7541 Gerrard.

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This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 16th day of July, 1912, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 24th day of July, 1912.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

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Signature .....

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The 13-days' Cruise of the "VECTIS" (6,000 tons), on August 16 from London will embrace most of the beautiful Fjords of Southern Norway.

The "MANTUA'S" (11,500 tons) 13-days Cruise (August 28) will, besides the Sogne Fjord, Bergen and the Hardanger, include visits to Christiania and a stay of two days at Copenhagen.

Illustrated Programme and Plans of the Ships on application as below.

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Cr. 6.	BALTIC & RUSSIA.....	24 Aug	24 days
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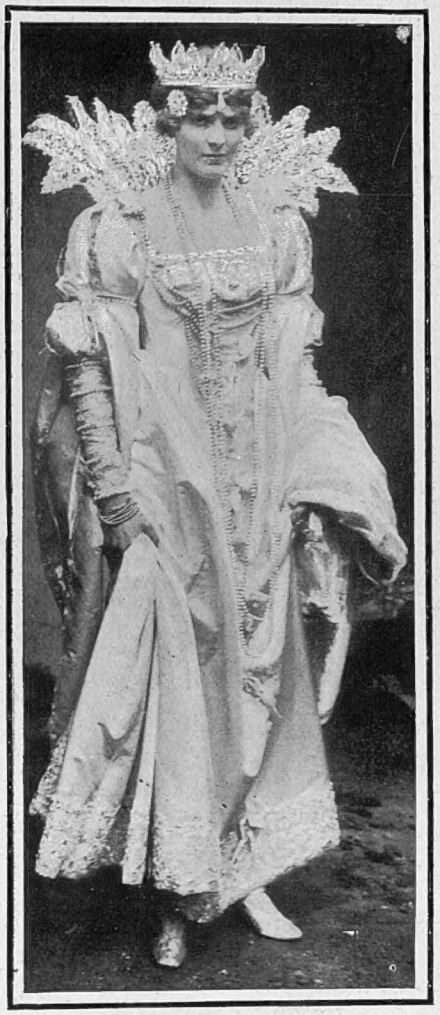
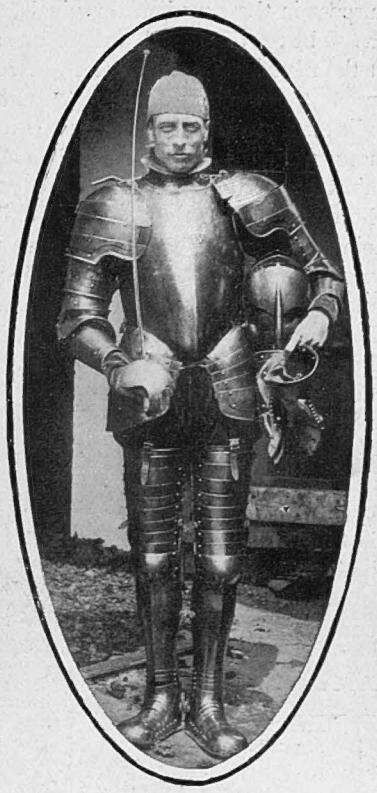
The Outbreak of Tilt and Joust Disease

COUNTESS PAULINE PAPPENHEIM
As a Wayting Ladye



VISCOUNTESS CURZON
As Queen of Beauty



EARL WINTERTON
As "one of the Knights"

The outbreak, which was a mild one, and was confined to the Earl's Court market, lasted for one evening only. The victims rapidly recovered, and normal manners of twentieth century life and clothes have been duly resumed.

Costly Chivalry

THE BYSTANDER hopes that "the flower of England's nobility and chivalry"—*q.v.* daily press *passim*—enjoyed itself at Earl's Court last Thursday. Indeed, as a violent partisan of the picturesque, even at five guineas a performance, he is naturally inclined to look with a favourable eye on anything so romantic as a mediæval tourney. But trouble-some thoughts will arise. The amount of money expended on these displays is prodigious—was it not stated to be £38,000?—and one is inclined to ask *cui bono?* No doubt those who were present (none too many, it seems) enjoyed seeing up-to-date noblemen tousting the jilt—or is it jilting the toust?—and go-ahead young Society girls disporting themselves in Elizabethan garb. Also, there is good artistic

MISS VIOLET KEPPEL
As a Wayting Ladye

IN THE ELIZABETHAN TRIUMPH

PRINCESS PLESS
As the Princess Errant

The Lesson of the Tree Wedding

purpose in these mediæval revivals. Against this one has to be set the fact that there *is* a social problem, and at the moment a great deal of distress and discontent among the working-classes. The idea that Society is indifferent to such things and cares only for costly masquerading is one that ought not to be allowed to gain too much ground. In these days of the ubiquitous photographer and the illustrated daily paper, Society's doings are very much better known to the masses than ever before, and the idea that the great ones of the land live only for amusement, and that tens of thousands are spent nightly on masques and jousts and tourneys is not one which should be encouraged by the great ones. Happily, their Majesties themselves are no parties to these repeated revels, and are showing an interest in the lives and habits of the people over whom they themselves rule.

* * *

The Tree-Parsons Wedding

THE wedding of Miss Viola Tree and Mr. Alan Parsons provides an interesting comment on the social scheme of things in England. Continental opinion can never understand the position of the stage in this country, and it would be distinctly amusing to watch the faces of French, German, Italian, or Austrian aristocrats as they read that the daughter of an actor, who has herself appeared on the legitimate and operatic stage, was married by a bishop to the son of a prominent clergyman with the daughter of a Duke and the daughter of the Prime Minister acting as bridesmaids. As a matter of fact, it will appear to them absolutely incredible, and they will probably dismiss the whole matter as an invention of the Press.

MR. AND MRS. ALAN PARSONS

The extraordinary interest taken by Society in the wedding of a young actress (Miss Viola Tree) with a young Civil servant and the son of a country clergyman (Mr. Alan Parsons), is a belated but welcome sign of the social recognition of the class which is rightly known as the backbone of England

* * *

Explanatory

OF course, even in England, such a marriage is admittedly exceptional, and the personal attributes of Miss Tree herself, not to mention the well-deserved popularity of her distinguished father, are sufficient to justify and explain the prominence accorded to it. For one virtue we, as a nation certainly possess: we are inclined to judge individuals as themselves rather than as members of any particular profession. Indeed, that is why the foreigner, accustomed at the same time to more rigid class-distinctions and to less snobbery in individuals, cannot make head or tail of modern English Society. But nowhere in the world does the stage suffer under so few social disabilities (if any) as in England—which some people think may be good for Society, but is probably bad for the Stage. Anyhow, it is curious that a nation which appears to care so little for the theatre should be so enthusiastic about actors.

AFTERTHOUGHTS

THE discovery that one of the players in the 'Varsity match was sickening for measles at the time he scored ninety-nine runs suggests unpleasant possibilities. Already we hear that one or two captains of teams which are not doing too well this year have been inquiring where they can obtain bottles of measles germs.

* * *

In an American paper we read that "the wearing of abbreviated bathing costumes by either men or women is prohibited in an order, issued by Mayor Bacharach, to take effect at once. Ball-playing on the beach and the use of profanity also are put under the official ban." There is, however, no reason to believe that even in Atlantic City anybody can be legally compelled to bathe without getting wet. But, needless to say, cat's cradle on the beach and the use of revolvers with homicidal intent are still groaning under the official ban.

* * *

A sparrow's nest has been found in an electric arc lamp globe at Croydon, Surrey, and telephone subscribers are beginning to ask whether a number of owls can have started building in the receivers at the Trunk Office, London.

* * *

Royalist raiders in Portugal captured a railway station a few days ago, but—according to a telegraphic agency—"after this initial success unexpectedly retreated." The retreat may have been unexpected, but if the railway buffets in Portugal are anything like our own, one can understand that the royalists would not think it worth stopping to loot them.

A Popular Young Irishwoman

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

LADY VICTORIA PERY

The nineteen-year-old daughter of Lord Limerick, whose engagement was recently reported, is well-known as one of the prettiest and most popular young Irishwomen in Society

England's Place in the Shade—

The latest suggestion for the improvement of cricket is that "county grounds be thrown open to the public, only seats and shelter being charged for, bands to be provided for the intervals." It seems to us as though a company of pierrots would be useful too, in case of a stonewalling batsman going in, while a flip-flap should undoubtedly be at the service of spectators during the bowling of maiden overs.

* * *

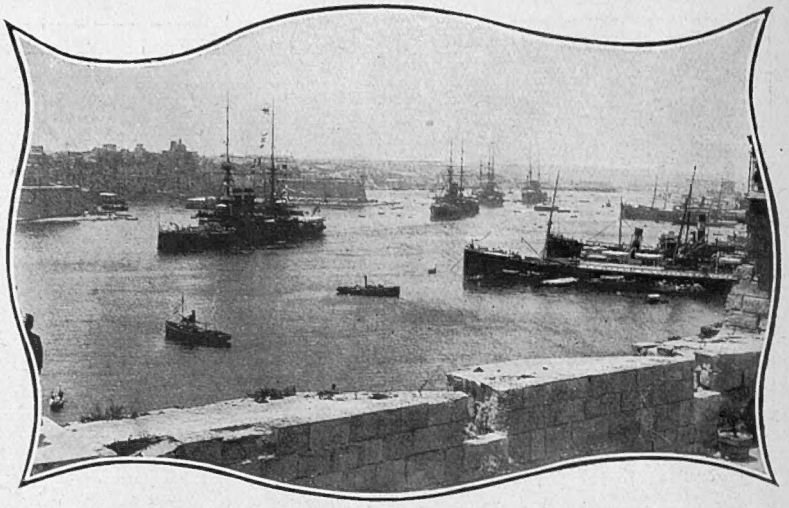
"To carefully label one's luggage and send it on beforehand, no matter where one is going, is the ideal method of travelling," says a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. On the other hand, "to label one's luggage carefully" is the ideal method of writing.

* * *

"Let not the woman be dubbed vain who seeks to harmonise herself with her surroundings," pleads a fashion expert. Men are growing far too wise to think of dubbing any woman vain, and all we ever venture to do personally is to damn the surroundings for requiring her to wear such a very ugly and expensive hat.

* * *

"The fish-wife skirt is one of the most *modish*," we read elsewhere—(not, of course for fish-wives, who are probably at present wearing hobble skirts or something of that sort, but for just ordinary Society women)—"and a smart leather belt gives a finishing touch." Surely not the finishing touch? A vanity net—containing a purse, a small phial, a hypodermic syringe, and a few flesh-coloured chocolate shrimps—seems needed to complete the perfect harmony, and would look well, even in a motor-bus.



THE RETREAT FROM MALTA: THE BRITISH MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON TAKING ITS DEPARTURE

Gibraltar is henceforth to replace Malta as the base of whatever fleet we are to keep in the Mediterranean

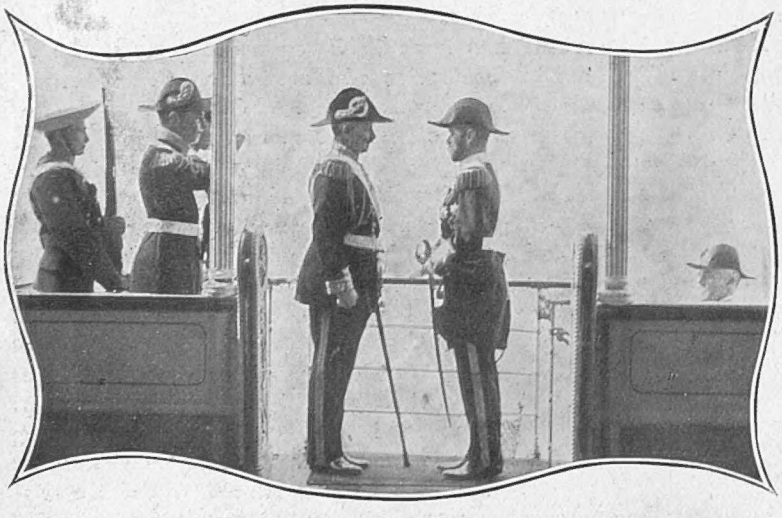
ENGLAND'S PLACE IN THE SHADE

BY "DOWNWRITER"

(*We are not responsible for either the facts or the feelings of our contributor.*—ED.)

EVERYTHING we have failed in during the last quarter of a century (or, rather, everything we are said to have failed in)—diplomacy, trade, military efficiency, the arts and professions, has been attributed to our love of games. How preserve our prestige in Patagonia when our Consuls play cricket all day and all night? How outbid Germany for Mesopotamian dam contracts when our dam-sinkers spend all their time at golf? How defeat the invader when the should-be soldier spends all his time at football? How compose operas or carry off academic honours when all the 'Varsity man does is to run and scull and play cricket?

This was all said in season and out. We are a very susceptible nation. Years pass and pass and pass. Suddenly we awaken one morning to discover that *we are not doing well at games*. The Peruvians have pinched the International Skittles Championship at Bucharest; the Olympic Bowling Trophy has gone to a Bulgarian; while as for Tennis, Golf, Rowing—well, where we have won, it has been thanks to the sturdy son of one of the Daughter States Beyond the Seas—Borneo, Singapore, or—what is the name of the other place somewhere out that way?—ah, yes, I remember, New Zealand! On our own, we seem to be able to win nothing, not even the Shove-Ha'penny Challenge Saucer, which went to a Siberian.



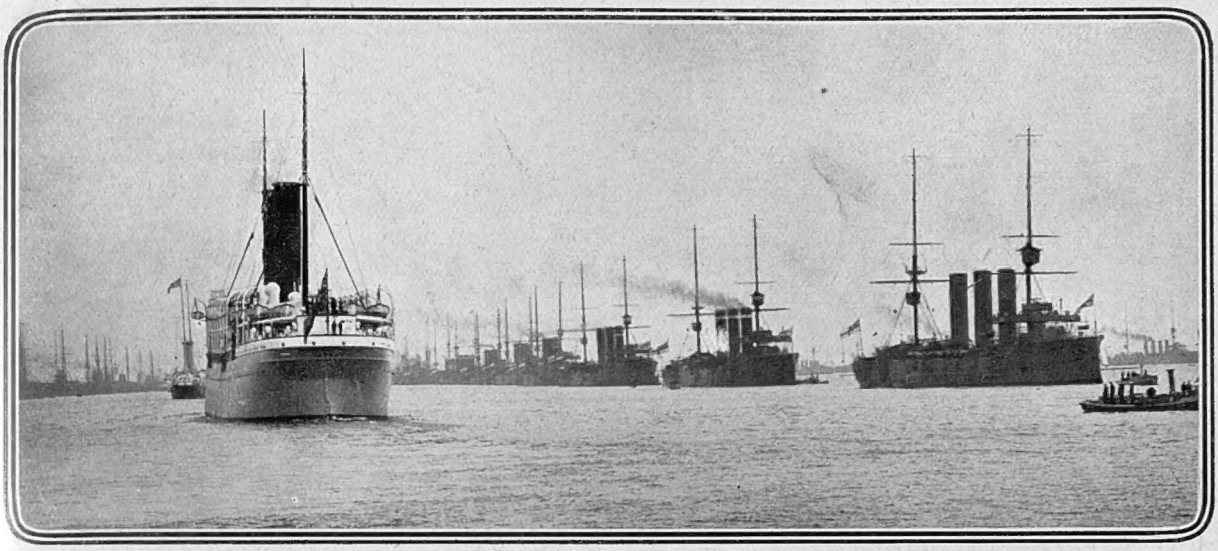
THAT FATEFUL MEETING AT BALTIC PORT

Whereat, it is to be assumed, many things were settled between the Kaiser and the Tsar, the details of which will be published sooner or later

Why is it? I search out the same authorities in the Press as those who gave as the reason for our failure at the other things that we were always

Saint-Stephen's-by-the-Sea

LEGISLATORS AGAIN TREATED TO AN OBJECT LESSON IN NAVAL POWER



THE "ARMANDALE CASTLE" (M.P.'S ABOARD) PASSES DOWN THE LINES OF THE FLEET, PRECEDED BY THE "ENCHANTRESS"

THE FLEET AS SEEN BY MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT FROM THE "ARMANDALE CASTLE"

A "review" it was not. The fleet happened, for strategic reasons, to be concentrated at Spithead, and the Government thought it would be a good thing once again to allow their supporters and opponents to get a glimpse of it. At St. Stephen's, so busy is one apt to become with knocking holes in the Constitution, that one may forget the possible danger of having holes knocked into the Empire by foreign Powers. Some 70,000 officers and men took part in the display, and some 200 ships. The photograph was taken from the s.s. "Armandale Castle"

Monuments of Ineptitude at the Docks

Our illustration shows the triumphal arch erected for the King's visit to the Docks. It will be remembered that the visit was cancelled, and consequently the elaborate preparations for his reception were rendered useless. These cost about twenty thousand pounds, and we may, perhaps, be allowed to suggest that the expenditure of any money at all on things so utterly fatuous as the two "classical" figures depicted above was useless, visit or no visit. Anyhow, it would have been in better taste to avoid outraging the æsthetic susceptibilities of the Dockers just at a time when there is sufficient misery and starvation to occupy all the leisure that they are being compelled to enjoy

playing games, and I find that the trouble now is that We Don't Spend Enough Time At Our Games. How can we expect to beat the Bulgarian at bowls, the Peruvian at skittles, the Siberian at shove ha'penny (or, as he calls it, T'schuck-kopeck) unless we devote more of our time to the practice of those manly pastimes?

If one asked what about Diplomacy, and Trade, and the Army we should be ordered out of the room as irrelevant idiots. But there it is. When we do play games, we ought not to; when we don't, we ought to.

We can never by any chance be doing the right thing. Anybody who says we can be and are is no patriot.

I am no patriot. I love England. And boldly I say, Let them have anything they like, whether it's the Mesopotamian Dam or the Skittles Cup, and mine's for Old England and a Quiet Life. We want to do just what we think we'll do—well, if we feel like it, badly if we don't, and just to be left alone. Our greatness isn't measurable and never has been measurable on paper or in pots and cups and bowls. It is within us. We are great, and we are going on being great because, oh! Miserable Ones, we can't help being anything else. We were made that way by Those Who Knew How, and we are out to stop that way.

The other nations will not let us be anything else but their leader. We showed them how to govern themselves, and now they all have Parliaments and are limiting, or abolishing, their autocracies. We showed them how to subdue savagery and to plant civilisation in its place, how to build an Empire, and how to keep it. Now they are all trying to colonise. We showed them how to build ships and how to make them instruments of world-power. Now they are all building ships. We showed them how to play games and to win them. Now they are all playing—and winning—them. Now we are taking the new step forward—which, at the first go off, is a step backward. The British lion, so long triumphant in the sun, is seeking the shade. Britain is realising that what the world now needs is a good long rest, that each nation may work out its own destiny in its own way. Turkey, China, Persia, even India and Egypt, now that they have seen so much of civilisation, are anxious to try their own native hand at it. England seeks to allow them liberty to do so, the while she tries her hand at carrying her own domestic civilisation the needed step further. The cause of the whole of the present European imbroglio is that the Powers will not leave other people alone—will not allow England to lead the way to the shade, for the knowledge that they will not be able to stop the habit of following her.

But we shall lead it, nevertheless. We are tired. Our so-called failure to win sporting cups and jugs and saucers is symptomatic of our noble *ennui*. It is tragic that there should be these attempts, among our own countrymen, to lead the Weary Titan back to the work of winning prizes which have long ceased to be worth winning, and to divert him from the noble purpose of showing the nations how to sleep.

DOWNWRITER

Sovereigns Who Fear Not the Crowd

A PERSONAL CONTACT WHICH IS, HAPPILY, POSSIBLE IN ENGLAND

"HUSTLING" THEIR MAJESTIES: A SCENE DURING A HALT AT ROWMARSH, YORKS

THERE are certainly very few countries in the world where such a photograph could be taken of a reigning monarch and his consort. Indeed, except, perhaps, in Italy, where King Victor and Queen Elena have won and deserved the sympathy of the masses, we can think of none—and in Italy there are always the Anarchists. It is a great tribute to the popularity of the English throne that our King and Queen can be entirely swallowed up in a crowd of quite ordinary members of society. We do not suppose that they like being jostled any more than the humblest of their subjects, but the fact that they can suffer such discomfort in perfect safety tells a very pleasant tale for anyone who cares to consider the facts. State Processions, Royal Progresses, and so on are all very well in their way—they are, indeed, an indispensable and a valuable attribute to the institution of Monarchy—but the present era calls for a more human relationship between everybody in this country, especially between the Monarch, the representative of all of us, from Labourer to Duke, and the masses who, rightly or wrongly, have become rather suspicious of the governing class. Our Monarchy, democratic both in origin and tradition, should always reflect the temper of the times. No one can say that its present representatives are not doing their best to accomplish such a desirable object.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS: By "Saki"

No. I.—M. Nijinski and the Master of Elibank

[*We have no other authority than that of our contributor that the conversations between the persons in question have actually taken place.*—Ed.]

"WHAT sort of a rôle have you in that new Ballet that comes on to-night?" asked the Master of Elibank with a polite assumption of interest.

"I'm not in it," said Nijinski, "but don't let us talk about myself. I hate talking about myself. Let us talk about politics. I adore politics."

"Naturally, being a Russian boy, you would."

Nijinski suppressed the irritation that a Pole feels at being labelled Russian, and floated rapturously into the topic of his choice.

"How I would love to sway a great popular convention, like one of those that they've been having in America."

"Ah, you would have to be a very eloquent speaker, and even then they might not listen to you."

"I wouldn't talk to them, I would dance to them. I would wear a close-fitting costume of snow-white down, to typify the youth of the eagle, and beautiful shoes of beaten gold——"

"Beaten gold would be most inappropriate," murmured the Master of Elibank, who was something of an authority on electioneering matters.

"And in my hand I would hold a garland of—what is the national flower of the United States?"

The Liberal Whip considered for a moment.

"The mayflower, I think. At least, it always crops up in their family trees."

"A garland of mayflowers. And I would dance, how I would dance! I would float like a faery snowflake, a thing of joy and dreams and sylvan laughter, soaring heavenward——"

"I'm afraid you'd be a bit above your audience. No one has yet stampeded a convention of American politicians in that direction."

"They would watch me, how they would watch me! Hard-headed business men from Chicago's teeming marts, swarthy Ethiopian deputies from the rice-swamps of the south, sturdy trappers from the shores of Hudson's Frozen Bay——"

"My dear boy, Canada is not yet playing the rôle of Finland to a Yankee Russia. We obligingly left the stable door unlocked, but the steed didn't choose to be stolen."

"They would watch me," continued Nijinski, "for hours, for days; they would prolong the proceedings in order to watch me longer. There would be dozens of ballots, and in each of them I should have all the votes, even my rivals would vote for me. But flaws would be discovered purposely, to spin things out—my name would be spelt wrong perhaps——"

"That might conceivably happen."

"And I would go on dancing, madly, divinely, like a firefly, like a wind-tossed shred of silvery cotton-waste, like a sunbeam heralding the day on the eternal slopes of the Rockies——"

"Do you know, politics rather bore me," said the Master of Elibank; "I get so much of them. I'd much rather talk about the Ballet. I've a sort of amateur hankering for designing, or whatever you call it, a great ballet scenario myself. I think a ballet of the Day of Judgment would be immensely effective; souls being led off into torment and bliss and all that sort of thing. One would introduce well-known people of the present day to give it point and add to its realism. Of course, one would have to be quite impartial in allotting the judgments; a suspicion of partisanship would spoil it."

Nijinski built a murmur of polite assent on the ruins of a yawn. The Master of Elibank resumed his sketch.

"I would depict an anguished female form doomed to lick red-hot stamps through all eternity; her identity wouldn't be disclosed on the programmes, but everybody would recognise the Duchess of Somerset and I would show Carson eternally wedded to Malignant Sedition."

"How would you typify Malignant Sedition?"

"With a wreath of Orange Blossom," said the Master of Elibank, who seemed to have thought out all the details; "and I would have Lord Hugh Cecil caught up into a sort of Mussulman paradise, with houris and other Islamic delights lavished around him."

"I see; he would be one of the blest."

"Not at all; he would be so infuriated at having to spend eternity in defiance of all the teachings of the Anglican Church that he would be in worse torment than any of them. As for Beresford, he would be sufficiently miserable at the *contretemps* of there being no more sea—I don't know if you've ever read Revelations? If there was no sea, no foreign Power could be accused of scheming to get command of it, and Beresford would be deprived of his favourite occupation."

"But some of the souls are to be blessed, I think you said?"

"Oh, of course, there must be rewards on the Judgment Day, if only *pour décourager les autres*. I would have Lord Morley being borne aloft by a legion of angels. On second thoughts, that would hardly do; I don't fancy Morley believes in the existence of angels; perhaps Birrell would be better. He's so ready to believe in anything that's convenient. And, after all, if you're being borne aloft by angels its only common decency to believe in them. Then as to Chiozza Money, I don't think he would be really happy on the Day of Judgment unless he was taking part in the judging. He could be depicted dooming loathly murder-stained Tory souls to eternal perusal of his pamphlets."

Here the Master of Elibank was unable to repress a shudder at the fearsomeness of the punishment his imagination had conjured forth. Nijinski at the same time entirely failed to suppress his second yawn.

"I'm afraid I must be leaving you," he said; "a rehearsal, you know. *Dosvidanie.*"

"Strange," mused the Patronage Secretary, "that a young man who dances so brilliantly should take so little pleasure in discussing the Ballet."

Saki

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE PALLADIUM

THE Palladium is one of the newest of the palatial houses of entertainment in the metropolis, and in order to cope with the rush of customers it is obliged to give two performances nightly; while on Wednesdays and Saturdays the number of performances is increased to three. The entertainment given is of the "Variety" kind, and when we have an entertainment that ranges from excerpts from *Faust* given by operatic singers of renown, to an imitation of a fight between two cats, we are prepared to admit that the variety is there all right. As an index to the taste of the public in these matters it may be recorded that although the operatic selection was given immediately after the interval, when the refreshment bars were offering rival attractions of the most fascinating kind, there was not a vacant seat (as far as I could see) when the curtain rose. Miss Constance Balfour, Mr. William Saville, and Mr. Dillon Shallard, the singers concerned, had a most enthusiastic reception.

The programme included the Great Comedy-Drama, entitled *Under Suspicion*, which was made interesting chiefly by the acting of Mr. Horace Hunter as Major Van Holtz, an American war correspondent with a Dutch accent. The scene takes place in Russia, in the drawing-room of the Countess Nadia, who has had the misfortune to attract the attentions of the Chief of Police, Gen. Noivard. I regret to say that Gen. Noivard's intentions are not honourable; and when the Countess asks for a passport to allow her to come to England, he offers his extremely sinful terms, which, of course, the Countess refuses with scorn. Then the gallant Major steps in, and in his quaintly humorous manner suggests a duel in the Countess's drawing-room. The duel takes place accordingly. The Major is so sure of himself that he does not even take the trouble to remove his frock coat, or to turn back his immaculate cuffs. He fights for his life with as much unconcern as if he were pushing a stray dog from the doorstep with the point of his umbrella. Having disarmed his opponent, as was only to be expected, he proposes that they shall sit down and play cards for twenty-four hours until the lady has had time to get across the frontier; but the wicked General makes a treacherous attempt on the life of his gallant foe, and so it becomes necessary to run him through in order to keep him still. I found the little play extremely entertaining.

Quite a different sort of turn was Fred Karno's latest "Laughing Creation," entitled "The Hydro." There is a vaguely defined plot of a detective on the trail of two notorious thieves; but most of "Creation" is

made up of the usual methods of producing laughter in a hurry. At one stage of the proceedings somebody

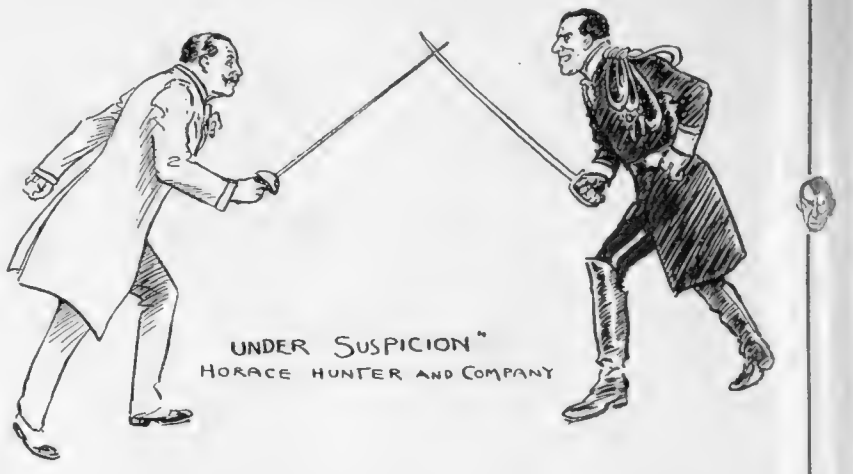
dipped a large brush in soapsuds and dabbed it in somebody's else's face, and this was regarded as quite

MR SID CHAPLIN AND ONE OF THE BATHING BELLES IN "THE HYDRO"

uproariously funny. Consequently, when another man had the entire pail of soapsuds emptied over him the humour was proportionately emphasised, and just as generously appreciated. The gem of the turn is the display of young ladies in bathing costumes disporting themselves in the "Bathe de Luxe" (French, I presume) of the Hydro. This touching little spectacle is alone worth the price of admission; and I had absolutely to tear my opera-glasses out of Mr. Morrow's hands before he could be prevailed upon to give them up. I cannot afford to miss any opportunity of improving my education.

Mr. Albert Chevalier's popularity must be very gratifying to him. He is undoubtedly a great artist in his own particular field; though it appears to me sometimes in his extremely conscientious desire to do the thing thoroughly he has an occasional tendency to over-elaboration. Every word of his songs gets its full measure of attention, and when the words fall short there is always a characteristic gesture to supply the momentary hiatus. The effect produced is at times a little artificial.

O'Gust, "the Famous Parisian Clown," who writes his name as if he were an Irishman, devoted his attention principally to giving imitations of such familiar creatures as clucking hens and braying donkeys. His most successful feat, however, was an imitation of a trombone solo, which was so much like the real thing that I felt an irresistible inclination to lean forward and tap an imaginary wall and request the amateur next door to be good enough to go and do his practising elsewhere. O'Gust's final effort was to give an imitation of the playing of his "waltz," in which the ordinary strains of melody were interspersed with the cries of farmyard animals trying to drown the band. The least that can be said for such an entertainment is that it is certainly ingenious.



Harry Lamore's turn is divided into two sections. At first he is a "comedy juggler" performing skilful feats with the aid of a deft hand and a distinct sense of humour. One of his tricks is simplicity itself. He balances a closed umbrella on the toe of his shoe, and hops about the stage without letting the umbrella fall. When I got home I tried this fascinating trick for myself, and I am now in a position to certify that it is not one that can be performed successfully without a good deal of practice. You want also to allow plenty of room for falling down. I, unfortunately, neglected this simple precaution, and I scarcely know which of us was bruised the most, myself or the umbrella stand. Mr. Lamore's second turn is described as "The Drunkard on the Slack Wire," which seems to hold out the promise of some very lively entertainment indeed. I have always understood that persons in that deplorable condition are unable to walk along a chalk line on the floor unless someone is at hand to hold the line down in order to keep it from moving about. The promise, however, was quite justified by the performance. Mr. Lamore came on with all the appearance of an old-fashioned gentleman in a refined but genial state of intoxication, and insisted on being lifted on the slack wire by his friends. His success in keeping his very insecure foothold and saving himself every minute from a threatened fall appeared to me to be quite remarkable; and the applause in the house clearly showed that my view was that of the rest of the audience. He wound up his display by swinging wildly on the slack wire, and conveying the impression on every outward journey that nothing could save him from falling into the orchestra, and reducing a section of it to pulp. I should not wish harm to that extent to come to anybody, though I did once feel a pang of regret that the man with the cornet, who was close to my ear, was not sitting, as it were, inside the line of fire.

JINGLE

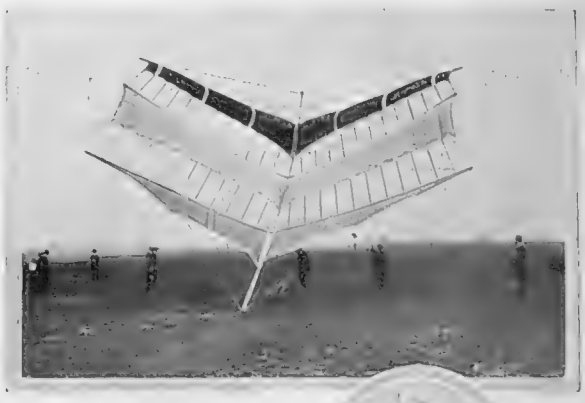
"Vice" as a Character in Melodrama

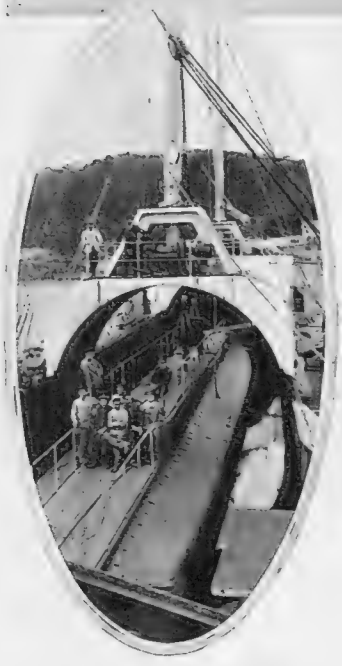
MISS CLARA BECK

Who has been engaged by Mr. Arthur Collins to play the part of "Vice" in the Autumn production, "Everywoman," at Drury Lane

Photograph *Dover Street Studios*

How the World Keeps Moving On:



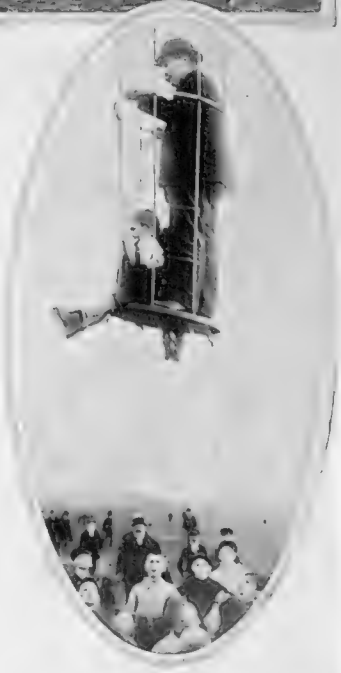


A NEW FRENCH SUBMARINE TRANSPORT

ON the left will be found two photographs showing two views of the new French vessel for the transport of submarines. The first shows the general appearance of the vessel from without, the second the submarine comfortably "berthed."

ON the right we illustrate a "kite," invented by a Mr. Weichert, which is able to lift to a great height three people in an observation basket, and to hold them at a stationary point. A demonstration was given with great success at the Tempelhofer Field, Berlin, on July 4.

LASTLY is seen the new "engine with a brain," which picks up electrical messages as it travels and determines for itself whether it is safe or not to enter each section of the journey. If a section is not clear, a signal is received, and if the driver fails to act, the locomotive shuts off its own steam and applies the brakes. A trial was given the week before last at Watchet, Somerset.



A GERMAN KITE THAT LIFTS PASSENGERS

A RAILWAY ENGINE THAT KNOWS WHEN TO STOP (see above)

Recent Aids to Progress and Pleasure

THE ROADSIDE TELEPHONE FOR BROKEN-DOWN MOTORISTS

On the left is one of the sentry boxes, erected by the Automobile Association at intervals of a few miles on the main roads, in which is a telephone. A broken-down motorist is able to communicate with a repairer, with an hotel, or with his home, and thus to mitigate the inconvenience of his situation in any way he likes

THE WATERPLANE IN ACTION

Mr. Grahame White starting on his waterplane trip from Boulogne to Folkestone. The waterplane has come to stay, as it combines the pleasures of flying with those of yachting

GOLF ON THE HIGH SEAS

Deck golf is the latest. In place of the tee, a mat of leather or rubber, and in place of the ball, a disc of fibre or gutty. The "hole" is a small fence with doorways, through which the ball must be putted.

MOTOR WIRELESS TELEPHONE

The latest, and one of the most signal uses of the wireless telephone is its adaptation to motor-cars. Those equipped with the apparatus are now able to converse with each other. The inventor, Mr. H. Grindell Matthews, has already applied the wireless telephone in mines, in the fleet, and in airships. Our photograph shows him receiving a message in his motor-car

The Bystander in PARIS

THE COMPLEAT SERVANT

Marie's Day Out

For many years we have been in the habit of saying that French people "of course do not travel." Let me tell you a little story. Marie said she wanted Sunday off. Marie is the three feet and a quarter of Bretonne who cooks our potatoes for us and does them remarkably well. She said she wanted the whole of Sunday, if she might have it, and we asked her what she was going to do. Marie said that she wanted to go and see her nephew in Havre. Well, we have all been young in our time, and although Marie was rather small to have a nephew we said nothing about that. But Havre startled us a little. "You mean," we said, "that you want a couple of days' holiday." She didn't. She meant that she wanted to travel 150 miles, starting at 2 a.m. on Sunday, and to travel the same 150 miles back again, arriving home at four in the morning of Monday after a strenuous day's enjoyment. For Marie thinks nothing of her journey, and made it *pour se promener*, and to see Havre, which she didn't know. Also, of course, to see the nephew who is a seaman, and who, like all self-respecting seamen in France, is on strike.

THE LAST ACT OF THE "SAISON DE PARIS"

The Parisienne, the Grand Prix once over, has to sit down and think how the summer holidays may best be spent. Shall she go to the sea, the mountains, or an inland watering-place? The great advantage of the last, if our drawing may be trusted, is that the necessary new *toilettes* are almost identical with those she has been wearing in Paris. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*, has always been a favourite maxim with the fashionable

Her Itinerary—

But we agreed not to talk about the nephew. Marie's day out was interesting to me because of the way she spent it. She got to Havre at half-past eight a.m. Her nephew (I think we'd better call him King Charles's Head in memory of Mr. Dick) had been waiting for her on the platform since half-past six. Family affection is, of course, a beautiful thing, but I should like to point out how very much earlier Frenchmen of all classes begin their day's work than Englishmen do. You will always find business men in their offices at nine, and that, no doubt, is why they get such a long time for lunch. When English people go out for a holiday—English people of Marie's class I mean—they always want to *do* something. French people don't. Look at Blackpool (you needn't really go there, but just think of it for half a minute). People in Blackpool have to be amused. When Parisians of the Marie class get a day's outing they *amuse themselves*. They walk about and look at things, just the ordinary things in the streets and at one another. They sit at cafés and go on looking, and they are perfectly content. That is why you will find if you talk French and take the trouble to chat with them that people of the Marie class in France are extremely interesting, much more so than the people of the Marie class at home. They are always collecting information.

—And Impressions

Marie walked about from 8.30 a.m. till about ten o'clock in the evening, when her return train started. She returned with views of her own (and, no doubt, of her nephew's) on the seamen's strike, she had seen the house where Felix Faure lived, and interviewed the gardener about his habits. She had visited and approved of the new harbour, she had found a restaurant where the cook had exchanged notions with her, and she had learned two new dishes there, she had visited the immoral Saint François quarter because she wanted to see where her nephew spent his evenings, she said, and she had been out to Sainte Adresse, the new seaside resort which has become a suburb of the town. She knew that the Paris Whiteley, who sells on the hire system, had built Sainte Adresse; she knew that the new casino made a lot of money out of the gambling, and she didn't think that Monsieur and Madame would really like the class of people who went there for the summer. "Too much dress and not enough sea and simplicity," she said.

—And Criticisms

Another item of information was fashions in bathing-dresses. She knew the stuff of every bathing-dress, how it was cut, and approximately what it cost. She also had views on the absurdity of bathing in corsets. She came home with views of her own on the State-run railway (which is not as bad as Monsieur says it is), and she walked two miles home from a station beyond her destination because she had never seen the sun rise over the river, wanted to see it, and thought that an extra hour's walk at that hour in the morning wouldn't matter. Don't you agree with me that there are very few English servant girls earning £24 a year, as Marie does, who would make such a good use of a day's outing and be rather hurt when told that the housework would take care of itself for part of the next day? Our early morning breakfast—and we have it rather early—was right up to time, and though Marie consented to go to bed betimes on Monday evening that was only on compulsion. We had to go out to make sure of her doing so. No, there is no servant crisis in Paris.

John N. Raphael

Where Tight-Lacing Seems Superfluous

MADEMOISELLE POLAIRE—IN ORIENTAL COSTUME THIS TIME

The well-known French actress has assumed a pose, the meaning of which eludes us. She is famous, principally, for two things: (1) she was the first person in Paris to transfer her talent from the Café-Concert to the "legitimate" stage with complete success; (2) she is reputed to possess the smallest waist in Europe—a distinction which the photographers seem to do their best to emphasise

The Bystander IN BERLIN

THE HOLIDAY SEASON IN TOWN

GLUECKLICHE REISE! A Happy Journey! Everyone has left Berlin except porters, burglars, beer-sellers, and the Berlin Bystander.

Berlin Empty

July's first week sees the end of schooling; and that fact determines the German holiday month. August counts for less. Only those remain who have special missions. The porters remain to look after the flats; the burglars to look after the silver; the beerseller because naturally a porter must have beer; and the Berlin Bystander because he never follows the mob.

Who Remains?

A HOLIDAY exodus should be judged from the standpoint of those who stay at home and not from that of those who go. The porter, the burglar, the beer-man, and the Berlin Bystander are really far more profited by the July holiday than are those who make for brackish Heringsdorf, or for salty Norderney or Borkum, where if they wear straw hats they are shadowed as British spies. On the whole the porter comes out best.

The Caretaker

FIRSTLY, he has charge of the whole empty house, say twenty or thirty flats. Before going away you must give him your flat-key. Otherwise you are responsible if a fire or a flood breaks out and he can't get in to extinguish it, or to drink it up. This care of your valuables puts a heavy responsibility on the porter; and naturally you give him correspondingly heavy *Trinkgeld*. But that is only the beginning of his duties and his pay.

GRACEFUL GERMAN ATHLETICS

The annual sports meeting of the Royal School of Cadets at Lichterfelde, near Berlin, took place recently before a large gathering of admiring spectators. Our photograph shows a competitor coming gracefully through space after leaping with the pole

HIS more important function is that of Zoo-Curator.

And the Zoo-Curator

To him you entrust your dog, your cat, your canary, your gold-fish, your small boy's white mice; and he puts them with the dogs, cats, canaries, gold-fishes, and white mice of the other twenty flat-dwellers into the one room where he lives with his wife and three children. You pay him to feed them. He feeds them faithfully; and if by chance he should forget the cat, there are openings for its own initiative. When you return you get back most of the animals, and the canary's cage with three memorial feathers. You tip the porter. You tip him another time for taking care of your letters, and yet another time for keeping the soulless burglar out, or for letting him in.

THE porter has the best time of all those who stay in Berlin. Still, the burglar's lot is bearable. In ordinary months he lives much worse than in England, where there is Free Trade in crime and he can climb easily into a house through a back window. But a five-storied Berlin house is a fortress; its front and back doors are double-locked at night. Even if the burglar breaks through and gets to the general staircase, he has yet to break in the doors of flats. So for eleven months there are no house burglaries; and the burglar degenerates to a mere thief, who enters by saying that he came to mend the gas, or to collect pfennings for Pensions for Discharged Recidivists.

The Month for Burglars

Sikes in Clover

BUT sunburnt July brings the burglar a brief golden age. Everyone is away, and if he once gets into a flat he stays there for weeks, and writes his memoirs. And it is easy to get in. The watchful porter is disarmed by beer, heat, and labour. He is watering your balcony flowers; or he is busy feeding the dog; his wife is busy feeding the gold-fish; his children are busy feeding the white mice; even the canary is busy feeding the cat. With all the world thus absorbed, the burglar's task grows easy. That explains why the leafy month of July sees three times as many burglaries as—say—wanton May. And that is why the Berlin Bystander always pays his Burglary Insurance Premium before he flies Berlin.

THE porter and the burglars are not the only holiday-makers who profit by holiday-making at home. The Berlin Bystander and the beer-seller also profit. They escape the burglar's attentions. They pay the porter no tribute. They feed their own animals, take in their own letters, and water their own flowers or beer. There is no cloud without a silver lining. *Glueckliche Reise!*

The Silver Lining

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

SOME SNAPSHOTS AT STOCKHOLM

THE PROCESSION ROUND THE STADIUM

Royal Spectators
On the right the King of Sweden, on the left the Crown Prince (in top hat)

E. Lemming (Sweden)
Winner of the Javelin Throwing Contest

R. C. Craig, U.S.A.
Winner of the 100 metres Running Race

Mlle. Broquedis (France)
Winner of the Lawn Tennis Ladies' Singles

Held for the most part under favourable weather conditions, the Olympic Games have produced quite a crop of fresh records in various sports. The "Star-spangled Banner" has, as usual, been well to the fore, whereas the Union Jack has not been specially conspicuous. The Swedes, under the approving eye of their Monarch, have done great things

The Crown Prince of Sweden (right) conversing with Mr. Walter Winans

Tecla Gems

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Photograph] WILDBAD. THE WELL-KNOWN HEALTH RESORT [*Blumenthal, Wildbad*

Wildbad, greatly favoured by Germans with a variety of ailments, lies in the midst of the Schwarzwald. A quiet and restful place, it offers distinct possibilities to any one who is tired of the noise and bustle of the average German Kurort.

The Glamour of the Black Forest

THE way to get to this enchanted land of Christmas trees, rushing rivers, and velvet meadows depends on which end you begin. It is more usual, perhaps, to begin at the north—say at Baden-Baden—and proceed, with sundry digressions, along the main line to Bâle. Personally, perhaps because I am occasionally a contrary creature, I began at Bâle and ended at Baden-Baden by way of Todtnau, Rippoldsau, and Wildbad, all resorts in favour with Germans endowed with a variety of ailments, imaginary or otherwise.

The beauty of the Schwarzwald lies, I think, in its perfect peace, in which its sylvan scenery strikes a curious note of contrast with the *Sturm und Drang* of Prussian centres. The peasants are a restful, friendly race, courteous, cheery, contented. The poison of the Social democrat is far from these wooded hills. Merry trout streams wind their way through lovely valleys, diverted at short intervals to work some mill or timber saw, for, though the Germans are masters of the arts of forestry, the forest must pay its toll there as elsewhere, and the lighter hue of planks is conspicuous against the sombre trunks of firs and pines standing in their thousands and doubtless awaiting their turn to fall in the service of man.

The splendid roads of the Black Forest are a feature likely to impress with a sense of unbounded gratitude the motorist or pedestrian who has suffered tortures on the so-called roads of other lands that hold themselves as civilised. Some of the gradients, even where the track zigzags for miles round the face of a mountain, are a little startling to nervous folk, who must needs use the admirable service of public automobiles to link up sections of the Baden or Würtemberg Railways, for the "Black Forest," be it remembered, is more than a forest. It is a mountain range, hardly less considerable than its *vis-à-vis*, the Vosges.

Summer in the Schwarzwald, with the haymakers busy in the fields, with anglers trying all their wiles on the by no means uneducated trout, and with a large population of tourists, invalid or sound, enjoying life to the utmost in the midst of these idyllic scenes, is one long delight. A thunderstorm, with accompanying torrents of rain, may now and then keep one indoors, but it soon passes, and Nature is refreshed into rare beauty by these summer rains. The valleys may occasionally be a trifle hot, but there is always cool air, with an entrancing view to be had by those willing to climb for it, or, better still, with the help of some Bergbahn or other, which transports the frail (or lazy) to the heights at the cost of a few pence.

There is shooting as well as fishing, and at a trifling cost. There are endless opportunities for excursions by road or rail. Compared with many overcrowded seaside resorts, the cost of living need alarm no one. Above all, the Black Forest has a distinct atmosphere of its own. It is rich in legend. Some of its more notable traditions will be referred to in a separate article on the remarkable frescoes in the Trinkhalle at Baden-Baden, and they are nowise inferior in picturesqueness and romance to the more familiar sagas of the Rhineland.

Little wonder that the German poets of all ages have sung the beauties of this forest playground with that patriotic enthusiasm in which they surpass their neighbours. The marvel is rather that, with such an asylum from the turmoil and trouble of their cities at their very door, so many of them should elect to spend their holidays under other flags than their own.

Scenery in the

Photographs] A TROUT-STREA

On the left of the picture can be seen some of the timber which is alw

THE FATE OF THE FOREST

For myself, the spell of the Schwarzwald was its summer glory, when all the world was in the fields along the river, realising, perhaps, the poet's assurance that—

"There's nothing on earth like making love,
Save making hay in fine weather. . . ."

There are, however, winter enthusiasts as well, and there even exists a widely patronised ski-ing club, of which Dr. Nansen is a vice-president. What those

Schwarzwald

NEAR WILDBAD [*Blumenthal, Wildbad*

being exported from the Black Forest to build the growing cities of Germany

HAYMAKING ON THE BANKS OF THE ENZ

vast forests may look like when carpeted with snow can only be guessed from kindred scenes elsewhere, but the climate is the reverse of harsh, and snow does not lie for any length of time in the valleys. Winter or summer, it is a fairyland, and has bred a population worthy of its surroundings. The countryfolk of our holiday playgrounds are always an interesting study, even for those who set the lighter records of the camera before the more serious researches of ethnology. F. G. AFLALO

Road and River

A BEAUTIFUL BLACK FOREST VIEW

Photograph *Blumenthal, Wildbad*

The above picture shows a typical road skirting a river valley in the neighbourhood of Wildbad. These roads are excellent, and both pedestrians and motorists, after their many bitter experiences in other countries, have blessed the local Associations who keep them in such splendid order

BY GUM!

A TRAGEDY OF THE INSURANCE ACT

BY BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

THE prettiness of the girl was unmistakable. Mrs. Upjohn severely reproved herself for not noticing it when she engaged her. But women are very bad judges at any time of their sisters' beauty, and Vanessa Puddle, after the manner of hussies of her class, had dressed very demurely for the interview at the Servants' Registry Office. She had then worn, deliberately, as it seemed to Mrs. Upjohn, an entirely proper hat, an elaborately undecorated black costume, and, wonder of wonders, plain black cashmere stockings.

Installed now as the sole domestic aid of the newly married Mr. and Mrs. Edward Upjohn in their top-floor flat in Kensington, she had blossomed out in new colours. True, her dress was black, but it was well-cut and fitted her very neatly. It was short enough, moreover, to reveal several inches of coloured open-work stockings of a dubious silken material. Her shoes were high-heeled, and her feet were smaller than Mrs. Upjohn's. She wore dainty aprons and caps, and, being very dark and quite uncommonly pretty, she looked for all the world like a lady masquerading as a chambermaid at a fancy dress ball.

Edward Upjohn was a dispassionate architect, and like all his class lived under his income. Nothing more unlikely could happen than that he should fall in love with Puddle. (It is one of the tragedies of the servant's life that no matter how beautiful her Christian name may be, she is invariably known only by her surname.) He had married a fair and fluffy daughter of an abnormally touchy Brevet-Colonel, and was prepared to save his money in her company and her company alone. It would never have occurred to him to fold another woman in his arms because he rose at eight, breakfasted at nine, was at the office from ten to six, dined at seven, and either hunted the garden vermin or played piquet from eight till bedtime. Where was there time to think of such things?

Still, the eye of Edward had fallen on the sweet face and figure of Puddle. It was inevitable. She was about him such a lot. True, he looked through her, and was utterly unaware that she possessed any sort of physical attractions, but that was not for Mrs. Upjohn to appreciate. Occasionally she caught him smiling in an ecstatic way as the handmaiden placed before him his plate of stewed fruit and custard. If ever a man looked lovesick, Edward did then, but, alas! the smile was only the facial expression of the great thinker who has solved the problem of making the main sewer do duty as a smoke stack, or something equally architectural. However, lest we judge Mrs. Upjohn too harshly for jumping to conclusions, it must be recorded that Puddle had an excrutiatingly intimate way of handing her Edward his morning tea in bed.

Mrs. Upjohn bore the strain in silence for some time, and, indeed, might have borne it for ever, for Puddle was a good servant, did she not one night dream a dream. (Dreaming dreams is one of the early stages of female degeneracy. From that they take to collecting cigar bands and giving concerts at the Steinway or the Bechstein.) The dream, as far as Mrs. Upjohn could remember it, was about dark clouds. All night long she dreamt of dark clouds, dark clouds which bustled and bustled her, and worried her, as a matter of fact, by their intense cloudiness.

If the unhappy woman had only had the sense to turn up the list of runners in the 2.45 at Alexandra Park the following morning she would have had the supreme gratification of seeing the entry recorded of an unnamed filly by Coal Tar out of Black Clouds, the investment of one sovereign on which would have resulted in the loss of no more than the actual stake. But foolishly enough she consulted her Dream Book. That supremely asinine compilation at first afforded her no assistance. Dark clouds, apparently, had never been dreamt of before. But Mrs. Upjohn did not despair. What convulsions of nature were suggested by dark clouds? A storm, of course. A shipwreck inevitably.

Hastily did Mrs. Upjohn turn up "Shipwreck." In a moment the solution of the problem was before her eyes.

> "To dream of a shipwreck inevitably forecasts the shipwreck of one's own fortune or affections, or someone else's."

Enough! The shipwreck of her affections! She might have guessed it. Perhaps they were together now, sniggering over their vile deceit. She seized a primrose dressing-gown, eventually discarding it for a fluffy thing in heliotrope, and tip-toed to the dining-room whither her husband had preceded her. With a dramatic gesture she flung open the door. She was right! *The culprits were alone together.*

Both were on their hands and knees and under the table. Both rose simultaneously. Puddle smiled. Edward Upjohn blushed crimson, but it was not for Mrs. Upjohn to know that that was the result of groping for a missing half-sovereign.

"I am afraid we shall have to give it up," said Edward to Puddle.

Give it up? Ah, yes! Now that they were caught. Puddle did not reply, but left the room smiling sorrowfully, pausing for a moment in the passage to transfer the half-sovereign from her mouth to a place of safety in her stocking.

For the time Mrs. Upjohn said nothing. It was for Edward to explain. Inwardly boiling, she sat down and silently poured out the cocoa.

It was a silent meal. Edward read his paper as usual, and was gratified that the stream of chatter from the other end was for once quelled. He enjoyed his breakfast, and promptly at half-past nine pocketed his paper and grabbed his hat, stick, and gloves.

(All rights strictly reserved)

So there was to be no explanation, thought Mrs. Upjohn, tattooing the floor with her feet. Her husband approached her. Surely the abandoned brute did not intend to kiss her. At the crucial moment the door opened and admitted Puddle.

Puddle was all smiles and giggles. In her hand she held a card and stamp. "Would mistress be so kind as to put her stamp on? It was the first day, as mistress probably remembered, that that absurd law of Mr. Lloyd George came into operation. She was sorry to trouble, but——"

"Your master"—with tremendous emphasis—"will do that."

"Can't stop now, dear. You do it. Goodbye."

"Edward, I shall not do it. Do you wish to degrade me still further?"

"Degrade you? Whatever's the matter with you this morning? Here, give me the beastly thing."

He snatched the card and stamp from Puddle. A hasty lick, a punch of the fist, and the thing was done. Mr. Upjohn hurried off to business.

Puddle advanced to pick up her card. Mrs. Upjohn watched her, the fire of fury consuming her heart. Suddenly her eye caught something that set the blood rushing to her head.

"Hussy, leave that card alone and go to your kitchen." Puddle gasped. "Go, I tell you." Puddle went.

Mrs. Upjohn pounced on the card and rushed with it to her bedroom. Out came the dream book, p. 374, the second appendix, headed:

THE LANGUAGE OF STAMPS.

With trembling hands and swimming eyes Mrs. Upjohn examined the disposition of the stamp placed on Puddle's card by Edward Upjohn. It was stuck on at a curious angle, so curious as hardly to be the result of an accident. And according to the faithful guide-book that particular placing of the stamp meant nothing less utterly compromising than "*I will abandon all for you.*"

. . . . . .

When Edward Upjohn returned home that night he found an empty flat and an envelope containing a wedding-ring and this short note:

"Puddle is dismissed. Know everything. I have returned to my father."

B. Macdonald Hastings

TO AUTHORS.

THE BYSTANDER is willing to consider stories belonging to either of the two following classes:

(a) Stories of from 2,500 to 3,500 words in length of dramatic interest. Novelty of idea specially welcomed. A brief résumé of the plot must accompany each story.

(b) Comedy stories of about 1,000 to 1,250 words. A minimum payment of three guineas will be made for such of these as are selected for publication.

Each manuscript must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

"THE MOONLIGHT SONATA": FROM A PICTURE BY PETRUS PAULUS, RECENTLY ON EXHIBITION AT THE ALBEMARLE GALLERIES

Mr. Paulus is evidently not concerned with the discredit that has been thrown upon the idea that Beethoven's Sonata in C sharp minor had anything whatever to do with moonlight. We agree with him in keeping the picturesque legend alive

A Troublesome Catch

A TIMELY WARNING TO SHRIMPERS: BY G. L. STAMPA

MATTERS MUSICAL

"CONCHITA" AT COVENT GARDEN

A Disappointment

Readers of THE BYSTANDER who have also been readers of Pierre Louys' *La Femme et Le Pantin* will not need to be told the story of that remarkable book. And those who have not been so fortunate had better understand at once that they will certainly never be told it here, but that if they are curious on the subject they can go to Covent Garden and see a bowdlerised version under the title of *Conchita*, with music by Signor Zandonai.

The Devout Lover

Briefly summarised, the plot may be said to deal with the question as to how often, how much, and how far the extremely exacting Conchita will allow her lover to kiss her. From this exhilarating theme is developed a whole series of variations, all regrettably similar and many just ridiculous. Indeed Don Mateo, the very devout lover, has about as trying a time as could well be imagined, whether he be merely permitted, as in the third act, to kiss his mistress's hand, skirt, and shoe through a grilled gate and then to watch her ardent embrace of another fellow behind it, or whether he be forced, as at the dancing-hall of the second act, to recline amorously on the steps of a platform when there are at least forty empty chairs and five boxes crying aloud for occupation. But to the credit of the English public be it recorded that they stubbornly refused to take any of these passionate philanderings seriously. Treated by Pierre Louys' magic pen they possessed a certain morbid fascination; in the glare of operatic realism they were simply silly.

A CLEVER CARICATURE OF NIJINSKI BY PURCELL JONES

We are inclined to think it is not intended to represent the Russian dancer returning to Covent Garden after the interview with the Master of Elibank, recorded on page 120 of the current number

Italian Shortcomings

Signor Zandonai's music has at least this merit. It is exactly like the heroine of the opera, never seeming to know what it proposes to do next. For my part I deplore the evident tendency of modern Italian musicians to try and imitate German technique. The only result seems to be that their music becomes "scrappy." Lacking, perhaps, the synthetic sense of the Germans, they cannot "develop" in the manner after which they are continually striving. The case is well illustrated in Puccini, who found his highest expression in *Tosca*, and who then, in proportion as his ambitions rose, sank to the level of *The Girl of the Golden West*, which has neither the simple melodic charm of his earlier works nor the symphonic virtue which he tried so hard to acquire. But perhaps the greatest misfortune that ever happened to the Italians was their discovery of the whole-tone scale. In the delicate hands of a Frenchman this exotic weapon was wielded to some purpose, but the coarser, more exuberant vitality of Italy brandishes it in a quite unwarrantable manner. It blares at us on the trumpets, shrieks at us, fortissimo, on the violins till we begin to long for something really original like the common chord of C major! Signor Zandonai is rather a bad offender in both respects; *Conchita*, however, has its uses in showing us the real merits of *The Jewels of the Madonna* and *Susanna's Secret*, for Wolf-Ferrari, whatever his other defects, is a musical aristocrat compared with Zandonai.

The Performance

Of the actual presentation of the opera there is little to be said. The scenery was adequate and the stage management good. Signor Schiavazzi, who sang Don Mateo's music with enough energy to work several dynamos, was unfortunately reminiscent of the conventional parody of an Italian tenor, but Signora Tarquinia Tarquini was agreeably feline as Conchita. It is a pity that her talent could not be employed to better purpose.

FRANCIS TOYE

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Herr ARTHUR NIKISCH, who conducted the Orchestra on this occasion, wrote:—

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The PLACE and Its PASTIMES

LISTENING TO THE MUSIC
In the famous Buxton Gardens

No. 6.—BUXTON

Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby

BUXTON is a town of many charms, both in summer and winter, and, indeed, as regards the latter it is well entitled to be called the English Switzerland. The highest situated town in England, this picturesque spot is enfolded 'midst high surrounding hills. It is a place where many pastimes can be indulged in, for although thousands of visitors come each year for the marvellous cures and water, still more come for the delights of the scenery, air, and the sports and games which an admirably worked town organisation put forward to amuse their visitors. The fact that it is out of the ruck of the pestilential tripper element, which completely ruins so many otherwise charming resorts, is another reason for its popularity. Those of us who enjoy a gallop with hounds can get real good sport with the High Peak Harriers, a pack formed in 1848, which hunts around Buxton over a genuine stone wall country, which is very hilly. The pack, a very fine one, hunts twice a week, mostly within half an hour of the town.

MR. W. F. MILL, J.P.
Chairman of the Council

Golf. There are two courses, one of nine and the other of eighteen holes. The former is almost within the town, and is a somewhat easy course, over

Left to right: Mrs. Willoughby, Miss Willoughby, Lieut.-Col. Willoughby, Dr. Sedgewick

GOLF ON THE BUXTON LINKS

Golf devotees in Buxton and district are adequately catered for, there being two excellent courses, one of nine and the other of eighteen holes. The Buxton and High Peak Club at Fairfield, a mile east of the town, is naturally bunkered with stone walls and quarries. Our upper picture shows the captain, secretary, and members playing a foursome

Sports That Are Popular in Buxton

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR GAMES OF THE SPA: LAWN TENNIS IN DELIGHTFUL SURROUNDINGS

The Tournament is played throughout the second week in August, and generally secures a large entry of competitors, including many well-known players

CROQUET IN THE GARDENS

This game appeals to a fair proportion of Buxton residents, and two important tournaments take place this month, viz., the Northern Championship and the Buxton

BOWLING ENTHUSIASTS

Bowls constitutes another game much to the fore. Our photograph shows the Chairman of the Council, Mr. W. F. Mill, J.P., opening a match on the Gardens Green, where there is an excellent piece of turf

Buxton and Its Pastimes—concluded

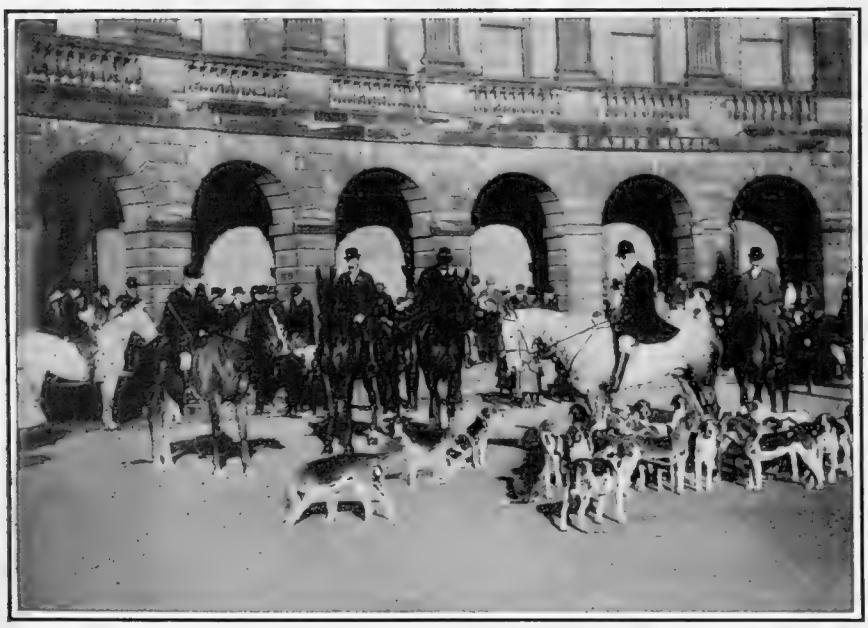
stone walls and slightly undulating ground. The latter, the Buxton and High Peak Club, at Fairfield, is about one mile east of the town, and is situated on very high ground, some 1,100ft. above sea level. It is naturally bunkered, with stone walls and quarries, and the ground is undulating. The turf is beautiful, the grass happily not having suffered from last year's drought. There are some 325 members, and among them two ex-champions, Charles Hutchings and A. Gordon Barry. The views from here are superb, and the air pretty bracing. The President is the Duke of Devonshire, while the vice-Presidents are the Duke of Rutland, Earl of Derby, Lord Newton, O. Partington, G. F. Schofield, and S. Hill-Wood, M.P. The Secretary is Mr. T. Logan.

Bowls.—This game is growing wonderfully in popularity, and is played here on the Gardens Green, which is a magnificent piece of turf, and in ideal surroundings.

A FOUR-IN-HAND PREPARING TO START

Coaching is a popular form of enjoyment in Buxton and district, where, as is well known, much scenic beauty abounds

Croquet is played a good deal, also on the Gardens Ground. There are nine excellent courts, the turf having been laid forty years. Two important tournaments take place this month, the Northern Championship and the Buxton, and there is a supplementary one in August. The best players in England attend these tournaments, which are becoming celebrated.



THE HIGH PEAK HARRIERS

A pack established in 1848 which hunts the territory round Bakewell and Buxton, a stone wall country and very hilly

Lawn tennis is largely to the fore among the residents, the town possessing eight grass and four gravel courts. During the second week in August the famous Buxton Tournament is held. Coaching is, naturally, popular, through the majestic scenery of the district around the Peak of Derbyshire. Chatsworth, Haddon, Dovedale and other noted and historic beauty spots are all within easy reach.

With regard to the winter sports, I propose to write and illustrate a special article on these later on in the year. I may, however, say that nowhere in England can ski-ing, sleighing, skating, curling or tobogganing be indulged in to better advantage.

One of the great charms of Buxton is its exquisite gardens, through which a trout stream flows. The sylvan beauties of these grounds, in which it is delightful to sit or stroll whilst the band plays, are a great attraction. Buxton itself has probably only a population of 10,000, but this is doubled and trebled in the summer by the visitors who come to take the waters, or to enjoy their holiday among the grand hills and life-giving air, which has done so much for thousands of sufferers.

NEXT WEEK'S ARTICLE WILL DEAL WITH **IPSWICH**

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION

There is much information in the Elliman Booklets. Consider as examples—Chronic Rheumatism, Muscular Rheumatism, Sciatica (R.E.P. pp. 43-48), Taking Cold, To avoid Colds, Treatment of Colds in general, Sore Throat with Hoarseness from Cold, Chronic Bronchitis, Chronic Cold at the Chest, Pleurisy (pp. 50-56), Sprains (pp. 23-29), Massage (pp. 7-16); and notice the various excellent Prescriptions given; and also the recommendation respecting the calling in of a Doctor in serious cases, contained in the Elliman R.E.P. Booklet, 96 pages, illustrated, enclosed with bottles of Elliman's Universal Embrocation, prices 1/1½, 2/9 & 4/- per bottle On page 1 of the R.E.P. Booklet are given the terms upon which the large edition (256 pages, illustrated) of the Elliman R.E.P. Book (human treatment) may be obtained.

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

Two Good Novels

There are two good novels just published which may be put on your list without hesitation. The first of these, *The Green Overcoat* (Arrowsmith: 6*s*.), is the work of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who describes it as an enchanting tale. The epithet is admirably chosen. It is an enchantingly impossible tale about enchantingly possible people. It is dedicated to Maurice Baring because Maurice Baring once wrote a play called *The Green Elephant*, and in his typically Bellockian foreword the author is at some pains to prove that an elephant and an overcoat are, economically at any rate, much the same thing. The story itself, oddly enough, is really about a green overcoat which is the property of Mr. Brassington, who at the end of the book has become a baronet. (As every reader of the *Eye-Witness* knows, Mr. Belloc has studied this question of new baronetcies.) The overcoat ought, of course, to be worn by Mr. Brassington, but one evening it is borrowed without leave by Professor Higginson, whose own cape has disappeared. Professor Higginson has every intention of returning the coat to its right owner at the first available opportunity, but owing to unforseen circumstances—and very odd circumstances they are—he is unable to do so. For he is bundled into the middle of an incredible adventure, from which he emerges as a forger and an accomplished liar. With such recommendations he naturally becomes famous. During the adventure, however, he and the green overcoat have become parted, and before they meet once again in Mr. Brassington's presence sundry remarkable events have taken place. To give away more of Mr. Belloc's fantasy were churlish: it is only necessary to say that it is an extraordinarily grotesque story, in which the author, who is a privileged person, has his fling at all kinds of distinguished people and institutions, and keeps you laughing from first page to last. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, moreover, has inserted in the book some of those weird drawings of his. They are almost as amusing as the text, and may even have something to do with it.

THE ACME OF COMFORT

A recent photograph of Mlle. Lydia Kyasht, the premiere danseuse, taken in her garden

"Grit Lawless"

The second book is *Grit Lawless* (John Lane: 6*s*.), by Miss F. E. Mills Young, a South African romance at once well written and remarkably exciting. It possesses at least two of those "surprises" which set you turning back to make sure that the author has not taken too great an advantage over you. I admit that on both these occasions I was properly flabbergasted, and faithfully reread three or four chapters with the unkind idea of getting even with the authoress; but Miss Mills Young is too clever to be caught in that way. Her book is a tale of stolen letters. The hero, Grit Lawless, is a fine enough fellow, and his repeated encounters with the villainous Van Bleit bring a thrill in their trail. It is, however, upon the identity of two of her characters that the authoress expends most of her ingenuity. You may guess the secret of the married lady who loves Grit, but I imagine that no one will discover the identity of the disreputable Tottie, whose appearance in Cape Town under the ægis of Lawless leads to the undoing of his reputation. Indeed, Tottie is one of those ladies who would undermine any man's reputation, but she proves a good friend to Lawless, and it is largely through her aid that the letters are recovered. An enjoyable yarn.

RALPH STRAUS

What Uric Acid Does for You.

SIGNS OF COMING GOUTINESS.

Have you ever paused to ask yourself if you are a gouty subject? Have you ever wondered if the fact that you seldom feel really well has anything to do with a gouty tendency? Have you ever realised how much a gouty ancestor may have influenced your health? Probably you have never given these questions a thought.

Nine out of ten gouty subjects are not aware of their constitutional weakness until their health has been seriously undermined by the impregnation of the system by uric acid.

There is no surer sign of the tendency to goutiness than sharp pains in various parts of the body.

It is a great mistake to imagine that because these pains do not last for very long that they are not significant of any serious trouble to come; in fact, this mistake is responsible for quite 75 per cent. of the worst cases of gout, because if only the gouty tendency is checked during the early stages when it sets up these pains, it is quite impossible for any serious gouty malady to occur.

Early Danger Signals.

If you have these occasional pains—either sharp, stabbing pains, or dull aches—your course must be to adopt a remedy which can free your system from the uric acid which causes them, and which is also responsible for the very many other everyday symptoms which are probably troubling you—such symptoms as acidity, heartburn, pain after meals, indigestion, flatulence, or sluggish liver.

Also, if this uric acid has been in your system for some considerable time it may have caused the formation of small lumps under your skin in various places, notably on your finger-joints, ankles, the outer rims of your ears, and on your eyelids, while you also may experience irritation and burning of the skin, with or without inflammation, especially between the fingers, in the palms, or on the ankles.

If any of these signs are present the treatment of which you are in urgent need is Bishop's Varalettes, because this is the only remedy which can neutralise and eliminate from every part of your system the uric acid and its compounds which give rise to these troublesome symptoms.

Uric acid is a waste product constantly being made in every system subject to the gouty habit. The task of getting rid of uric acid devolves upon the kidneys and liver, and if they fail to eliminate it as fast as it forms, the uric acid gets into the blood and is, therefore, carried to every part of the body—muscles, tissues, organs, and joints all sharing the fate of uric acid impregnation.

Common Gouty Ailments.

Without the correcting influence of Bishop's Varalettes the uric acid continues to gain a stronger hold upon the system; and finally results in an acute attack or the chronic form of some one or more of the numerous gouty disorders.

For instance, if uric acid should accumulate in a joint, the result would be gout or rheumatic gout (rheumatoid arthritis), characterised by painful, inflamed, and swollen joints. If in the muscles, an attack of lumbago may occur in the lower back; or gouty rheumatism, causing pain and stiffness in the limbs.

Two of the most distressing gouty ailments are caused by the deposits of uric acid in the very sheaths of the nerves—i.e., sciatica and neuritis. In the former, the deposits cause that burning, stabbing pain which reaches down the thigh to the knee, and sometimes to the heel, and entails such acute suffering and lameness. Neuritis is a similar affection of the nerves of the arm. Uric acid also causes gouty eczema, kidney-stone, and gravel.

An Anti-Gout Dietary.

In a booklet compiled by the manufacturers of Bishop's Varalettes you will find the outstanding facts in regard to all gouty troubles, and these facts are of most practical use to the sufferer and to those who are threatened with a gouty future. This booklet, moreover, explains how Bishop's Varalettes work—how they positively overcome the gouty habit and eliminate the root cause of all gouty suffering. An important feature in this booklet is an anti-gout dietary, which shows at a glance what the gouty subject may eat with safety, and what foods and beverages are to be avoided.

A copy of this little book will be forwarded you post free on application to Alfred Bishop (Ltd.) Manufacturing Chemists (estab. 1857), 48, Spelman St., London, N.E. Please ask for Booklet V.

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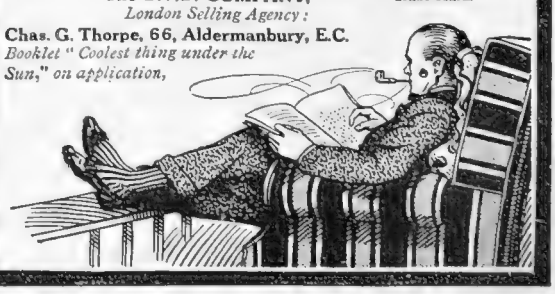

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Delegates and the Standard Ball

The amateur delegates returned the expected answer to the standard ball crusaders. They stated that the matter was not within their province, and suggested that the proper body to consider and decide the question was the Royal and Ancient Club. This is exactly the reply that I hoped the delegates would make. The petition ought never to have been addressed to them, as, indeed, became patent the moment the object of it was considered in its broadest aspect. Even the petitioners cannot really have desired to put the Amateur Championship on a different footing from the rest of the game. Possibly they had wild dreams of getting the delegates to assent to their prayer and then hoped that the rest of the golfing world would follow suit. If they entertained such a dream it was an idle one, for the delegates are not such simple birds as to be caught with such poor chaff. The upshot is that the matter will now be sent to the governing body. What that body will do with it remains a matter for considerable speculation. It is a most thorny and dangerous subject, and requires the most careful handling. Straws show which way the wind blows. At Westward Ho! I heard desultory discussion of the matter. At Muirfield the subject was never mentioned, so far as my personal experience goes, from start to finish of the Open Championship. Nobody seemed to be worried about the ball and its alleged depredations on the sacred traditions of the game. It is to be devoutly hoped that this quiescence is a sign of the times, and that the standard ball will be allowed to die a peaceful and natural death. Its epitaph might then be: "Born in a Field. Died from exposure."

THE HON. MICHAEL SCOTT
Winner of the Amateur Championship of France, recently held at La Boulie. He is also an ex-champion of Australia

Irish Representation

Another important matter was considered at the delegates' meeting at Westward Ho! The Irish Golfing Association had sent in a request for representation on the delegates' board. The delegates recognised the claim of Ireland to have a representative, but rejected the particular request of the Irish Association. They will, however, select an Irish club and ask it to nominate a delegate from among its members. This is a most sensible and proper solution of a difficult and delicate question. I have no doubt that the Irish club selected will be a thoroughly representative one which will be satisfactory to Irish golfers in general. A great step forward has thus been made by Ireland on the road she has travelled so long and so patiently leading to the goal she desires, the selection of one of her courses as the scene of a future Amateur Championship.

Mr. Hambro's Petition

Really the delegates at Westward Ho! must have thought they were the House of Commons, so many were the petitions presented to them. Mr. Hambro's petition came too late for official consideration, and will have to be presented again in proper time for discussion at the next meeting. Briefly stated, the object of this petition is the modification of the conditions of the Amateur Championship on the lines of the American Amateur Tournament. We should then have two rounds of eliminating scoring, the first round reducing the competitors to sixty-four, the second to thirty-two, the successful thirty-two fighting out the remaining stages by matches of thirty-six holes each. These figures might be modified to thirty-two and sixteen if the other figures were thought to be too cumbersome. This scheme is an improvement on the American one, which has a first round of eighteen holes for the match play stage. It is a scheme which I have advocated on more than one occasion for both Championships, and naturally has my hearty approval. I have a strong conviction that if it were adopted by the amateur delegates we should have an overwhelming argument for forcing the professionals to fall into line in the Open Championship.

MR. C. B. MACFARLANE
Runner-up in the Amateur Championship of France. He was beaten in the final by Mr. Scott, who played very fine golf, by 8 and 7

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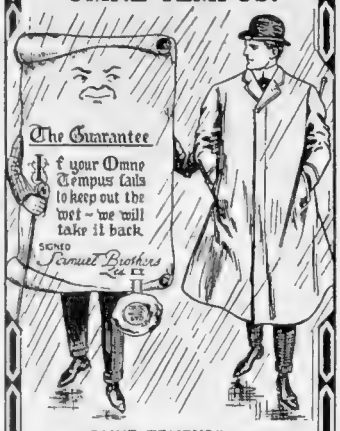

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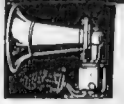

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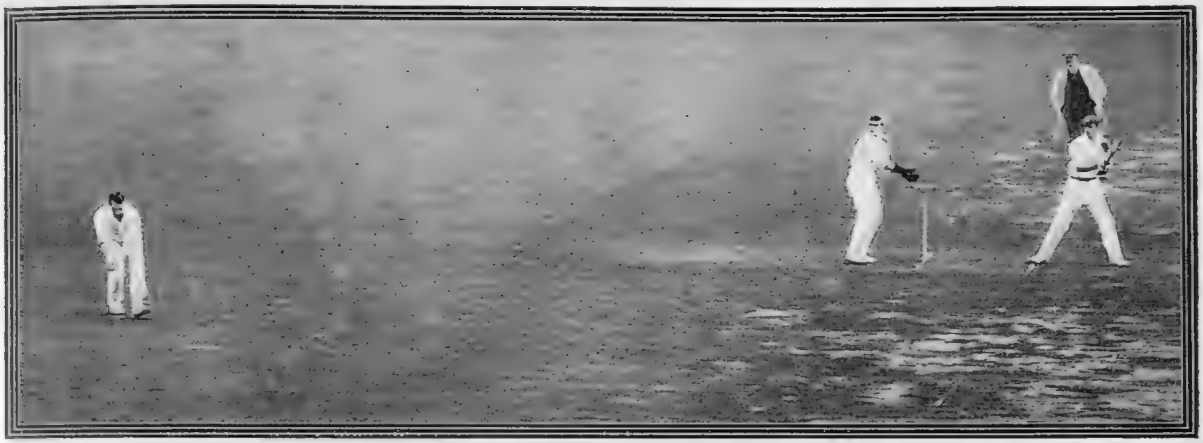
GAMES AND PASTIMES



THE 'VARSITY MATCH AT LORD'S

E. L. Kidd, the Cambridge captain, catches A. J. Evans off R. B. Lagden's bowling. The Cambridge captain was quite the general utility man of the side and was equally sound in batting, bowling and fielding

CRICKET

The 'Varsity Match

If all first-class cricket matches were like last week's 'Varsity match there would be no more talk about the dullness of cricket and the necessity for speeding it up. Every game, however good a game it may be, is apt to be dull on occasions if the players, or the conditions, are likely to make it so, but this does not prove that there is anything wrong with the game itself, and one noticed at Lord's last week that the cricket reformers were discreetly silent. The way in which the fortunes of the game fluctuated, the tie on the first innings—a thing which has not happened in this match since 1841—Crutchley's fine innings and subsequent disablement by an attack of measles; the vigour and determination of the brothers Lagden—forced to fight against each other—each in turn giving help to his side when help was most needed; these were a few of the many things that served to keep the interest alive from start to finish. People in general were glad on the whole that Cambridge won, because during the past few seasons their luck has not been of the best (they have not won since 1907), and Oxford people in particular did not in the least mind being in the same boat with the losers of such a jolly good match.

G. E. V. CRUTCHLEY (OXFORD)

Although suffering from an incipient attack of measles, Crutchley only missed scoring a century in Oxford's first innings by one run. At the end of it he was unable to take any further part in the match

Praise for the Cambridge Captain

Nothing happened quite in accordance with anticipation—which was in itself refreshing. For instance, an old Cambridge captain assured me before the match that if Fraser was put on to bowl early he would knock the Cambridge wickets about like ninepins, and, apparently, Twining, the Oxford captain, thought so, too. But, as a matter of fact, Fraser only took two wickets in the course of the whole match. Despite this, Cambridge looked like being hopelessly behind on the first innings until R. B. Lagden came to the rescue with his timely 61, a feat which his brother emulated in Oxford's second with an equally opportune 68 when, with Crutchley *hors de combat*, Oxford were only three wickets in hand and only a hundred runs or so to the good. But perhaps *the* outstanding feature of the match was the fine all-round play of E. L. Kidd, the Cambridge captain.

LAWN TENNIS

Wimbledon Reversed

This page goes to press too early to enable me to comment on the result of the Davis Cup preliminary tie between France and England at Folkestone last week; in fact, as I write the issue still hangs in the balance. There was a rumour at one time that the French captain would not play Gobert because of his failure against Gore at Wimbledon, but I suppose the feeling was that the French champion could hardly be left out. Anyhow, Gobert was played, and justified his selection by reversing the Wimbledon result, and proving that he is really a finer player than Gore as long as he can keep his head. It is always stimulating when Wimbledon form is reversed, and another instance of it occurred in the case of Dixon. All through the Championship Meeting Dixon was a disappointment—I think Wimbledon must, somehow, get on his nerves—but at Folkestone he was again the Dixon that we saw in the early part of June, and his defeat of Decugis was quite convincing. All the same, I am not at all sure that the survivors of last week's tie—whether they be the English or the French—will do much good against America. I am assured by a recognised authority on American lawn tennis and a good judge of comparative form that if the young American, McLoughlin, had been playing at Wimbledon this year he would have "gone through the lot"—Gobert, Gore, and all—in the All-Comers'.

H. S. S.

RACING: The Eclipse Stakes. BY CARBINE

The Great Sandown Race

Every road will lead racegoers to Sandown Park on Friday, when, if all goes well, we shall see one of the greatest races of the year. Several things tend to make the Eclipse Stakes of absorbing interest. First we have the antagonism of those brilliant four-year-olds, Stedfast and Prince Palatine, fighting their battles over again. But I do not think the duel of the four-year-olds claims the public attention or excites our imagination to anything like the same extent as the appearance of Tagalie will do. The grey filly is the most-discussed animal of the year. Was her victory in the Derby a fluke? Some aver that it was, basing their argument upon her dismal display in the Oaks two days later. But I maintain that there was every excuse for Tagalie's failure in the fillies' race. The ground was heavy, she had a new jockey in the saddle, and her antagonists were fresh for the fray, whereas she herself had taken more out of that wiry frame in the Derby than she had appeared to do.

Will Tagalie Win Again?

The idea that Tagalie luckily won the Derby can scarcely be seriously entertained by those who saw her canter away with the One Thousand and run in the Newmarket Stakes, which she ought to have won. The bonny grey filly will come out fresh and well, and, providing she escapes natural troubles, I am convinced that she will make Stedfast fight his hardest to win. She has never been ridden so well as when Johnny Reiff was on her back in the Derby, and it is satisfactory to know that he will again be in the saddle. Of course, Stedfast is a very great horse, and it is asking much of the filly, but I think the course and the distance will suit her, and I expect to see **Tagalie** successful. Next to her Stedfast would be my choice, as I do not think it is Prince Palatine's course.

Other Selections

There are plenty more interesting races this week. At Newmarket on Wednesday **Nomenoe** may win the July Handicap, and on the following day **Miramichi** is my selection for the Chesterfield Stakes and **Shell** for the Summer Handicap. I don't think anything will beat **Thistleton** in the Great Kingston Plate at Sandown on Friday. On Saturday I shall expect to see the National Breeders' Stakes won by **Sun Yat** if Mr. Joel's colt has recovered from his coughing trouble, and in his absence **Ma'oona** is my selection. On the same afternoon **Scion** may win the Royal Handicap.

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A FEW HOLIDAY HINTS

The Crackington Cliffs, near North Cornwall, a picturesque spot on the London and South-Western Railway's Itinerary

AND HOW THE RAILWAY COMPANIES WILL HELP YOU TO TAKE THEM

ONCE again I have been asked by the Editor to suggest to readers of THE BYSTANDER the names of a few resorts where they may spend their summer vacation with the greatest possible amount of enjoyment. It is a somewhat difficult task to attempt, not only because there is none so conservative as the holiday-maker, who is often content to visit the same place year after year, heedless of the appeal of other resorts which equally deserve his attention, but also on account of the fact that there are so many spots offering diverse attractions that one is torn betwixt the delights they have individually to offer. But every man to his own tastes, and he must, indeed, be hard to satisfy whom one or other of the following fails to please.

The Glories of Devon

For sheer beauty of scenery and romantic associations Devonshire stands unequalled. Where could one find more beautiful spots than Lydford Gorge, Lynton and Lynmouth? Here valleys and hills, trees and ferns, rocks and woods, rivers and sea in marvellous combination form grand panoramic scenes which must excite the wonder and admiration of all. The quaint little town of Budleigh Salterton, with its tier-built streets, is a veritable golfers' paradise, for its excellent links run high up beside the sea, combining the ancient game with the freshest of sea breezes. Historic Lyme Regis, though really in Dorset, is partially in Devon, and boasts true Devonian cliff scenery to the westward. It was at the old Lyme Cob that the ill-fated Monmouth landed in 1685 to lead the unsuccessful rebellion against James II. To antiquarians the old-fashioned streets will prove an unending source of interest, while the district is a veritable treasure-ground for geologists. Maybe for some persons these places are too quiet. For such as they I would suggest Ilfracombe. Every attraction to be found at an up-to-date resort is offered here, and the coaching trips to places of interest are a special feature. Fuller particulars of all these places, together with many others, may be obtained of the London and South Western Railway Company, Waterloo Station.

The Bracing East Coast

The Sunny South in the summer is not everybody's doctor. There are those who must have a very bracing air if they are to obtain full benefit from their vacation. They will, no doubt, be turning longing eyes towards the East Coast. Cromer, set in the heart of Poppyland, is at once delightfully exhilarating and picturesque. As a health resort it is unsurpassed in the kingdom, and here one is in the centre of that bracing coast line of cliff, spreading south to Trimingham, Mundesley, Bacton, and Happisburgh, and north to Sheringham. West Runton is a quiet seaside village midway between Cromer and Sheringham. It is called "The Switzerland of East Anglia" on account of its beautiful pine and heather-clad hills and dales. Here is situated the famous Roman encampment, from which splendid views are obtainable. Invigorating Sheringham is noted for its fine eighteen-hole golf course, while there are many pleasant walks in the immediate neighbourhood. Hunstanton, Felixstowe and Southwold are other resorts on this coast that command attention, both on account of their excellent air and diverse amusements.

The Rose Cottage, Clovelly
A Devon beauty spot reached from Waterloo

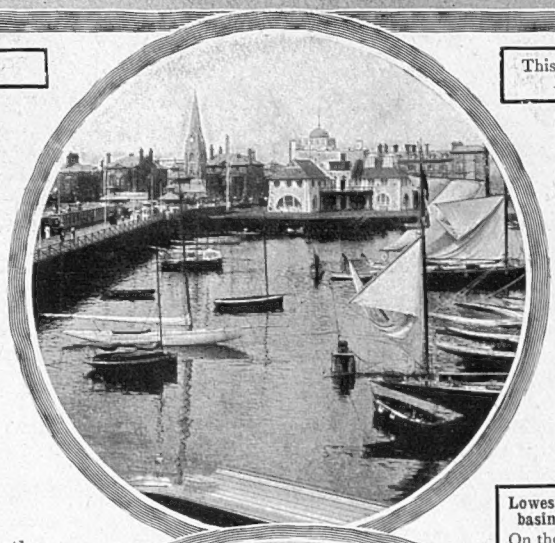
The Norfolk Broads

The Great Eastern Railway, who cater so well for travellers to the East Coast resorts I have just mentioned also run an excellent service of trains to that happy

On the Front at Pwllheli

This resort is well catered for by the London and North-Western Ry.

hunting-ground of yachtsmen and anglers—the Norfolk Broads. Those who know not the fascinations of such places as Potterhyam have missed much. East Anglia is the country of Gainsboro', Constable, and the great artists of the Norwich school, to whom, indeed, we owe the opening-up of this delightful district of valleys and rivers, fine stretches of wooded uplands and breezy commons.



Lowestoft: the yacht basin from the Pier
On the itinerary of the Great Eastern Railway

The Sea-Angler's Paradise

Perhaps nowhere can the sea-angler have such fine sport as along the Devon and Cornish coasts. Here good fishing is fairly general, but when fine sport can be combined with beauty of scenery, the angler is in the seventh heaven of delight. I do not know of a spot where a more pleasant holiday can be spent than at beautiful Dartmouth. Besides the sea-fishing—the excellence of which is unquestioned—the loveliness of the countryside is not to be surpassed anywhere. Overlooking the mouth of the Dart, the town might be built on one of the Italian lakes; a little lower down one can imagine oneself transported to the Rhine, and still lower and one is reminded of the fjords of Norway. Other Devon and Cornish resorts where I know excellent fishing is obtainable are Torquay, Brixham and Falmouth. All these places are on the itinerary of the Great Western, who do the journeys in marvellously quick times. Indeed, this company have made practical even a week-end in Devon and Cornwall, and have done so much to open up the West of England that the holiday-maker should be eternally grateful. Full information of all the places served by this railway may be obtained from the General Manager, Paddington Station.

Totland Bay: Isle of Wight
Admirably served by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway

Dover Castle
The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway are, of course, responsible for the excellent service to Dover

The Queen of English Spas

The recuperative powers of the inland spas must not be overlooked. For a really quiet and restful holiday they cannot be surpassed. Harrogate is not only pre-eminent among English spas, but is world-renowned for the medicinal properties of its waters and its magnificent baths. In the matter of sports and pastimes there is an almost unlimited choice—bowling, golf, cricket, lawn tennis, boating, and fishing being but a few of them The hotel accommodation is luxurious, and the Great Central Railway serves the town with characteristic excellence. This railway also serves the beautiful little village of Chenies, which, apart from its historical associations, is a most attractive spot, and lovers of fine air and a pretty countryside may do worse than spend a holiday here.

The Sunny South Coast

There are those who like to couple the conveniences and gaiety of town with fresh sea-air. For such as they I can think of no better place for a holiday than Brighton, the London of the Sunny South Coast. The great advantage of such a resort is that, whatever the weather, one may always be amused, there is so much going on both indoors as well as out. Eastbourne, too, is essentially a spot for those in search of somewhere not too quiet. The drives round about are delightful, especially those up the winding road to Beachy Head, to Pevensey, and to Hurstmonceaux Castle. Bexhill, a quieter spot, lying between Eastbourne and Hastings, is spendidly

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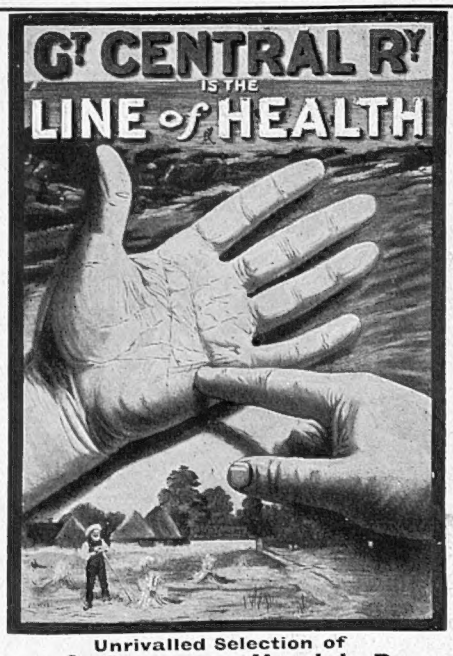

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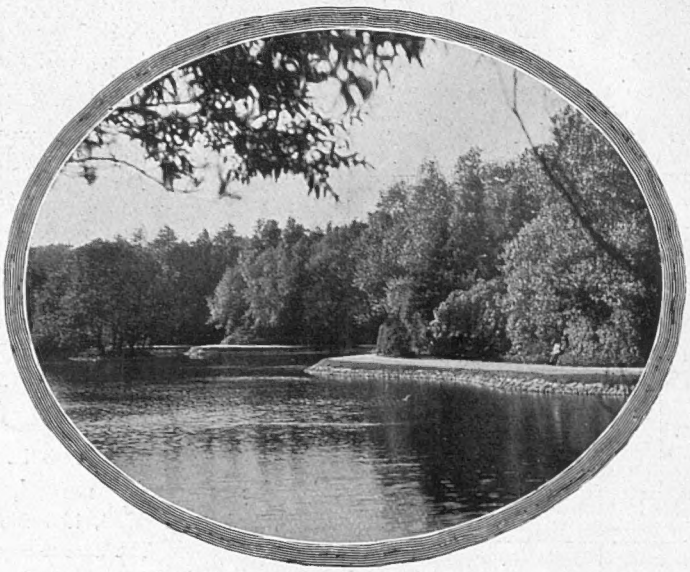
WILLIAM FORBES, General Manager, L.B.&S.C.R. London Bridge Terminus March 1912.

situated on the shores of Pevensey Bay. The London, Brighton and South Coast Railway service to these and other places on the company's itinerary is all that can be desired.

A Kentish Beauty Spot

Folkestone, one of the beauty spots of Kent, is a deservedly popular watering-place. Within ninety minutes' journey from Charing Cross by the admirable and luxurious express service of the South Eastern and Chatham Railway Company. Here we have the world-famous promenade of the Leas, in itself a great attraction. At this point may be obtained a magnificent panoramic view of the coast line. The Warren, situated at the Eastern end of the cliffs, is an untutored track of primeval nature. Here monstrous landslides have contorted the surface into innumerable little hills and dales. From Folkestone it is not a far cry to the ancient fishing town of Deal, one of the Cinque Ports, which still retains that air of remoteness, quiet, and old-fashioned picturesqueness which is becoming, alas! so rare in England. Pleasant Littlestone every golfer, of course, should be acquainted with, for the Littlestone Links are considered to be one of the finest courses in the Kingdom. Margate is noted for its health-giving air, which alone should attract the weary Londoner, while fashionable Broadstairs must not be forgotten.



The Lake, Hesketh Park, Southport

Southport is pleasantly situated on the Lancashire Coast and is on the Great Central Railway

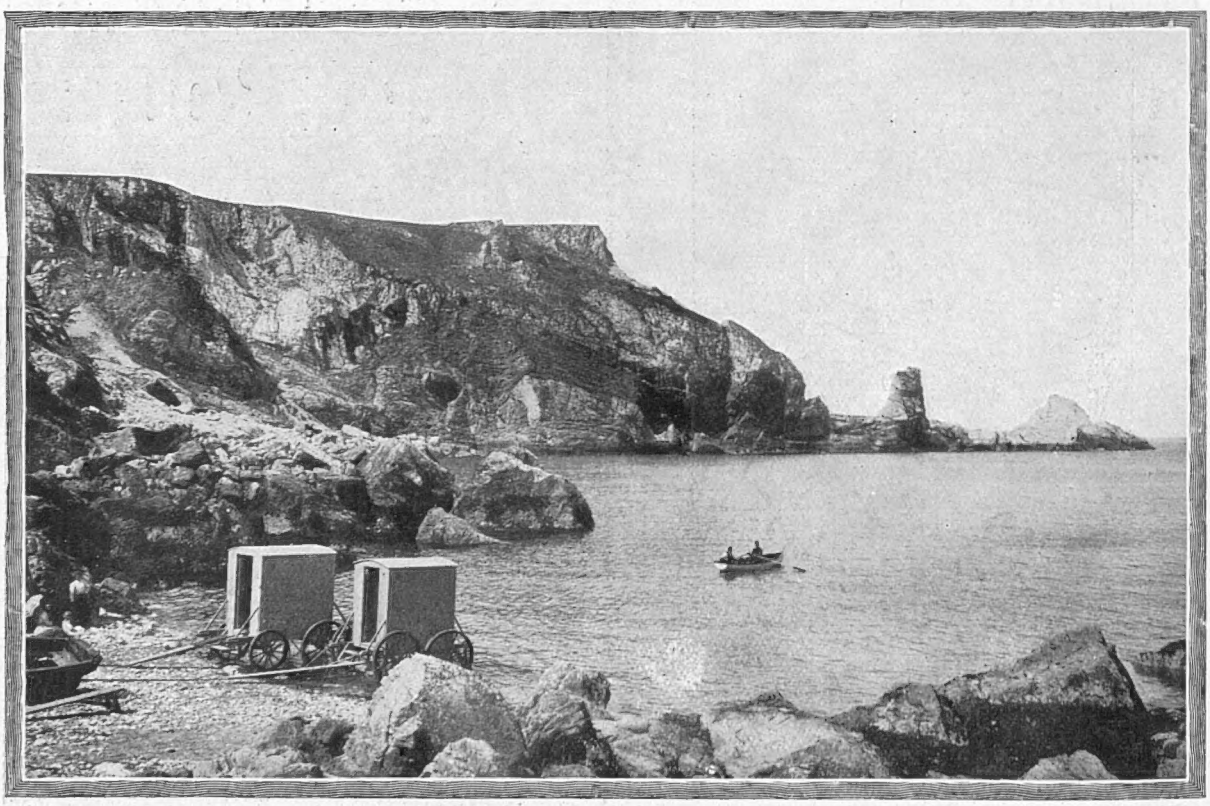
A Holiday in Wales.

Once at Euston, it is a matter of only a few hours before one finds oneself in lovely Wales. The "Three Welsh Spas," Llandrindod Wells, Llangammarch and Llanwrtyd Wells, should attract many to partake of their health-giving waters. Llandudno may be described as the "Queen of Welsh Watering-Places," and intending visitors may confidently look forward to a holiday spent here being productive of increased health and pleasant recollections. The remarkably fine beach and exceptional advantages for bathing (the tide never receding more than 100 feet from the promenade) are probably the chief causes for the growing popularity of Pwllheli, another popular resort. River and deep-sea fishing abound here, and there are also excellent facilities for yachting, boating, cycling, and golfing.

Bonnie Scotland

Last, but by no means least, there is Scotland, whither doubtless many a sportsman will make a bee-line, directly he is free of the fetters of his business. Strathpeffer Spa is a delightful spot, with good fishing and golf obtainable. Here, too, the medicinal qualities of the waters are well known. There is a fine hotel, the Ben Wyvis, with every up-to-date convenience. Standing in pretty pleasure-grounds, there are private walks to the wells, pavilion, and spa gardens. The London and North Western run a good service of trains from Euston.

R. M.



Anstey's Cove, Torquay

Torquay is one of Devon's most popular watering places. Great Western Railway expresses cover the distance (200 miles) in under four hours